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MEMORIALS.

BY THE

REV. SAMUEL KISSAM,

FOR TWENTY-FOUR YEARS PASTOR OF THE REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH,
OF BETHLEHEM, ALBANY CO., N. Y.

1872

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The author consents to the publication of this work, principally for the gratification of his family, not, however, without the hope that it may prove interesting to others, and redound, in some small degree, to the spiritual welfare of the reader.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859,

By SAMUEL KISSAM,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern
District of New York.

THE AUTHOR

INSCRIBES THIS VOLUME,

AS

A Memorial,

TO

THOSE WHOM HE MOST LOVES,

HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN,

AND WHO HAVE SPARED NO PAINS TO MAKE HIS
DAYS PLEASANT AND HAPPY.

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SUGGESTED AT THE TOMB OF A BELOVED SON,

THOMAS McAULEY,

*Named after the Rev. Dr. Thomas McAuley, of the City of
New York, one of the most learned and eloquent Clergymen
in this Country.*

EMBALMED within this heart
Art thou who here dost lie,
While o'er thy grave tears start,
As sigh fast follows sigh :
 Ah! hast thou gone?—
 Here dost thou sleep—
Am I alone,
 Here, here to weep?

As tears thus freely fall
O'er thine insensate dust,
Lo! I on Jesus call,
In His fond mercy trust;

My tears He stays,
At least awhile,
And fain displays
His gracious smile.

Would I again to earth
Recall thee, my dear son,
Thou of celestial worth,
Around thy Saviour's throne—
Take thee away,
(Thyself dispense,)
From endless day,
To scenes like these?

No more on earth below
In sorrow dost thou roam,
Far, far from sin and woe
Is thy delightful home;
O'er fields of spring,
Unfading, bright,
Thou e'er shalt wing
Thy joyful flight.

'Mid emblems of the dead
Let flowers in beauty bloom—
All, all their fragrance shed
Around thy silent tomb;

Let flowers of love
E'er deck thy grave,
Till God above
Thy dust shall save.

In heaven, 'mid flowers divine,
Where sighs and tears are o'er,
Thy sleeping dust shall shine
In splendor evermore:
Beloved boy,
Though tears are vain,
We soon in joy
Shall meet again.

MEMORIAL OF MY GRANDFATHER,

BENJAMIN KISSAM,

Of the City of New York, with whom Governor Jay read law, and of whom the Governor said, (as stated in Jay's Memoirs,) "He was the best friend he ever had, and the best man he ever knew."

THY kindred, Kissam, can ne'er cease to prize,
As over thine ashes they sigh,
A tribute from Jay, a star 'mid the wise,
A tribute exceedingly high.

Few names upon earth more brightly have shone,
As the temple of Fame we look o'er,
Than that of John Jay—and yet there were none,
Than thee whom his heart loved more.

As many now living can freely attest,
Jay's friends were devoted and true;
And yet among all he ranks thee as the best,
And wept when he bade thee adieu.

Those tears were a tribute from friendship and love,
As sadly he saw thee depart ;
His fondest emotions death could not but move,
When coming so near to his heart.

But while he thus loved thee, he could not repine,
Or mourn, without hope, o'er thy dust ;
He knew that thy virtues on earth were divine,
That God was thy Saviour and trust.

The best of all mortals had thus passed away,
The best in his circles around,
Exchanging dark night for the fulness of day,
Where pleasures celestial abound.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY VIEWS AND FEELINGS,

On the Death of my Father, which occurred in the City of New York when I was four years of age.

My father died when I was young,
But then my loss I little knew,
Though round his neck my arms I flung,
And gave him kisses not a few.

I saw him in the coffin lie—
There gazed upon his marble cheek;
Not knowing what it was to die,
I waited, hoping he would speak.

My mother told me he was dead,
That he and I must soon here part;
But pleasing hope had not yet fled,
I thought he still would cheer my heart.

I asked from him a smile once more,
Fain, fain within his arms would rest;
But, ah! his smiles on earth were o'er,
Nor could he calm my anxious breast.

I saw the coffin slowly move,
But why, my mind could not then learn;
In all the fulness of my love
I thought, again he would return.

My mother told me, 'mid her sighs,
My father I again should see—
That he was living in the skies,
Where we some future day should flee.

This ne'er escaped my infant mind,
As through my tender years I moved;
I fondly hoped I soon should find
Him whom my heart so warmly loved.

I thought some mount I would ascend,
Some rising hill exceeding high—
There, there behold my guardian friend,
And on his bosom fondly lie.

But infancy hath passed away,
And youth, with all its cheerful bloom,
While now in full meridian day,
I see the nature of the tomb.

TO A SISTER,

On the Death of a Mother.

WITH Jesus angels cannot vie,
For doubtless He is God ;
Then tell me, sister, tell me why
We dread His chast'ning rod ?
As God Most High, He cannot err,
But always does what's right ;
Though dark to us may be the hour,
Yet 'round is heav'nly light.
Our mother heard the Bridegroom's voice,
And longed to be at rest,
That she in glory might rejoice,
And reign with all the blessed.
On golden harps how will she sing
The wonders of His grace,
And mount with seraphs on the wing,
To fall before His face !
Then let us raise the drooping head,
Nor longer yield to pain,

If we her pious footsteps tread,
 We soon shall meet again.
Ah! what is earth? A fleeting flower,
 With blossoms to deceive;
Here we remain a day, an hour—
 In heaven we always live.
To heaven, O! then, my soul aspire,
 By hating every sin;
And when this world is wrapt in fire,
 Thy joys shall but begin.

THE GRAVE.

I DREAD thee, Grave—and when I dwell
 Upon thy sable form,
My bosom heaves with heavy care,
For memory paints in sadness there,
Brothers, sisters, the last, and dear,
 In anguish torn.

Torn from a soul which cannot muse
 Upon their varied charms,
But to lament their sudden end,
And mourn, because to dust we tend,
When most that comfort here can lend,
 Are kindred arms.

I dread thee, Grave—this world's a blank—
 Thy power has made it so:
Alas! I cannot yield to thee—
Thy victim yet I would not be—
A child of tears and misery,
 Where shall I go?

To God I haste and bend the knee,
 There ask Him in my prayer
To ease the pangs my heart has proved,
And let me rest with those He loved,
When, on the cross as man He died—
 Jehovah's care.

He hears my prayer—no more, O Grave,
 Thy dire array I dread;
Haste, Jesus, take my soul away
To realms of everlasting day,
Where in Thy presence I may say,
 Thou art my God.

SUGGESTED AT THE TOMB OF THE REV. WILLIAM
McMURRAY, D. D.,

Of the City of New York.

THY mem'ry, McMurray, in friendship shall bloom,
Like evergreens pure o'ershadowing thy tomb;
While the flowers of spring, which around thee arise,
Remind me of spring-time for each one who dies:
As the seed in the earth at first all decays,
Before it here beauty or life e'en displays;
So, so thy frail body, now blending with dust,
To glory shall rise, as most fondly we trust.

Thy praises from Zion will not soon depart,
Thy beauties of mind, or thy beauties of heart;
Thy writings now extant these loudly proclaim,
And will, where'er read, exalt thy pure name:
Thy virtues exalted, on ages shall tell,
And aid e'er the tide of the Gospel to swell—
That onward, in triumph it ever may roll,
Till waters of mercy shall flow to each soul.

Not a Christian, I know, while under thy care,
Could from thee withhold his affection or prayer.
Even now, although years and years have passed by,
Yet at thy remembrance sincerely they sigh ;
And those who, unwilling the truth to obey,
Could feel this affection and feebly, too, pray ;
While such were thy feelings toward guilt and toward
 woe,
Among the most careless thou hadst not a foe.

As husband and father thy name is most dear,
And children, surviving, thy name shall revere ;
To them thou wast ever devoted and true,
While deep was their sorrow in bidding adieu
To thee, their protector, lover, and friend—
A sorrow to last till their changes here end ;
Thy wife and thy children, a few, have since gone
To join thee and others encircling God's throne.

Thee, thee, friend beloved, I ne'er can forget,
Till my sun, as to time, forever shall set ;
Then, then with thy spirit, exalted and bright,
In praising the Saviour I hope to delight—
By the tones of thy sweet and melodious voice,
O'er sin I could weep and in mercy rejoice ;
And though that sweet voice here forever hath fled,
I ne'er can forget it,—thou speakest, though dead.

A GLANCE AT MY FORMER PASTORAL CHARGE.

OF those beneath my former pastoral charge
I take, and oft, a retrospective view ;
The loss of Christians there, by death, how large !
Whom long, in all their worth, I fondly knew.

Our fathers, with their counsels, where are they ?—
Unto our Zion as her pillars dear ;
All, all, or nearly so, have passed away,
Their sparkling crowns of glory e'er to wear.

Nor have their children all remained on earth,
Those whom they left to occupy their room ;
Of these, alas ! a few in all their worth,
Are sleeping with them in the silent tomb.

Of those, who thus have left us, Boucher stands
In my esteem, and will, exceeding high ;
And Mrs. Russell from my heart commands
A humble tribute with a tender sigh.

A cheerful saint wherever here she moved,
Whether in country or in city hall;
By friends, of all conditions, dearly loved,
And by her pastor more, indeed, than all.

And Egberts, too, I here would fondly name,
And Mrs. Burhans, in this list of death,
With Winne and Ten Eyck, whose acts proclaim
Redeeming mercy to their dying breath.

All these are souls whom angels doubtless prize,
Forever free from sin, and care, and pain,
Whose pleasing memories before me rise,
And will, till we in glory meet again.

TO MRS. SPAULDING,

Widow of the late Dr. Spaulding of Coeymans, in reference to the Death of her Husband and Three Daughters, within a short period of time.

AMONG the memories of the past,
Which fondly to my soul appear,
Are those which oft their vision cast
Upon thy family circle dear—
Three lovely daughters by thy side,
Thy tender care, thy rising pride.

A husband of superior mind,
With knowledge, science, deeply stored,
Faithful, affectionate, and kind—
All, all beloved if not adored:
As in a palace, though a cot,
Joy and contentment crown thy lot.

I see your faces, bright and gay,
Where fond emotions sweetly reign,
The dictates of my heart obey,
And 'neath thy roof awhile remain.

O, how delightful thus to spend
An hour in converse with a friend.

In hilly heath, or noble wood,
Amid the setting sunbeams bright,
We ramble, while in pensive mood,
Scenes around our souls delight—
All nature rising to our view,
In majesty and wonders new.

Soon, lo! one daughter gives her heart
Unto a lover, young and fond,
While I am called to take my part
In closing Hymen's sacred bond—
In all her beauty and her grace,
She now adorns the bridal place.

Another daughter follows suit—
Still, lo! another, all admired,
As to objections, friends are mute,
For they the nuptials have desired:
They freely all have had their choice,
And at the altar all rejoice.

Then quickly comes the solemn hour,
When joy unto depression yields,
For death, in his appalling power,
His awful sceptre o'er thee wields—

A joyous bride, in all her charms,
He takes within his icy arms.

Soon, soon the second bride departs;
Then soon the third, in all their bloom,
While parents truly in their hearts
Are overwhelmed with bitter gloom:
Who now can heal the wounded breast?
Who, 'mid these billows, promise rest?

But, lo! thy trials are not o'er;
Thy husband lies beneath the sod,
While thou art left thy tears to pour,
(Though in submission to thy God,)
Around those cherished, solemn mounds,
Where sadness, though with hope, abounds.

Husband and children, all save one,
As near thy house those mounds attest,
By sov'reign will, have quickly gone
Unto their everlasting rest!
In peace, O let their ashes lie,
Until they rise, no more to die.

Now, with such proofs upon the soul,
That we and all our friends are dust,
Shall earth our throbbing hearts control?
Or be our high, abiding trust?

No! let our ardent hopes arise
To fairer scenes beyond the skies,

Where not a single tear shall fall,
Or cloud of sorrow intervene.
But midday sunshine o'er us all,
E'er brighten each surrounding scene—
Where kindred souls in rapture dwell,
No more to say, farewell, farewell!

TO THE MEMORY

*Of Mrs. Charlotte, Wife of General John Taylor Cooper,
of Albany.*

THOU, lovely and loved one, no longer of earth,
Thy death we sincerely deplore;
Thy kindness and love, thy smiles and thy worth,
We never shall witness here more.

Thy death we deplore, thine absence, dear friend,
From the scenes of thy once cherished home,
Where spirit with spirit delighted to blend,
Now truly the dwelling of gloom.

Thy death we deplore, because of the loss
The Church of thy vows will long bear;
Endeared to thy soul were her worship, her cross,
Engrossing sublimely thy care.

Thy pastor laments thee, as truly he may,
(Now Bishop*) who knew thee long well,
And Christians, once round thee, their tribute all pay,
As thy virtues continue to swell.

* Bishop Potter, of New York.

But while they lament thee, while deeply they mourn,
No longer they dare to repine,
But bow in submission as to thee they turn,
In glory, a star e'er to shine.

Who, who would recall thee from glory and bliss,
From thy sinless, transporting abode,
To a world so unstable, heart-rending as this,
Away from thy Saviour and God!

No; while we lament thee, our anthems we raise—
From sorrow thou ever art free;
And we would pursue thy maxims, thy ways,
Till in glory thy face we shall see.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE HON. JOHN McCARTY.

To think of those now dead,
 Beneath the silent sod,
Who, by my means, were led
 To penitence and God,
Makes me inquire, Lord, who am I,
Thus, thus Thy name to glorify?

To me no praise is due,
 For all these works of grace;
And yet, what pleasure true,
 Such triumphs to retrace—
Such are my views, McCarty, dear,
As o'er thy grave I drop the tear!

In all relations just,
 As husband, father, friend,
With counsels all could trust,
 Because to peace they tend—
With generous heart and sterling mind,
Yet, yet no peace thy soul can find.

What are such traits to thee,
The child of wrath and sin?
Can they from wrath set free,
Or crown of glory win?—
Amid thine everlasting wants,
For more than these thy soul now pants.

In all this dreary waste,
Which can no peace impart,
I see thee humbly haste
To Jesus with thine heart:
He meets thee in thy deep distress,
And clothes thee with His righteousness.

Now, at the sacred feast
I see thee meekly bow,
In thine own view the least
Of those who with thee vow;
While angels at thy happy choice,
And saints below aloud rejoice.

Thy soul, once lost, is found,
And thou a star dost shine,
In all the Church around
By influence divine—
Unto the last, in all thy ways,
Unto thy great Redeemer's praise.

TO MRS. SILL,

*On the Death of her Husband, the Hon. William N. Sill, of
Bethlehem, Albany County.*

FROM thee thy companion beloved has gone,
 Away from thy trials, thy hopes, and thy fears;
While thou a true mourner art here all alone,
 To ease thy sad heart by the flow of thy tears.
And art thou alone—with thy children around,
 And friends, who all fondly partake of thy love?
Persuaded, indeed, though thy trials abound,
 That he whom you cherish is happy above.

Art, art thou alone? No; Jesus is with thee,
 In all thine afflictions, His smiles to impart;
He, He, rest assured, will never forsake thee,
 If thou in contrition shalt give Him thine heart.
And when here thy trials and conflicts are o'er,
 When tempests no longer thy peace shall assail,
Thy spirit shall ever continue to soar,
 Where saints and where angels thy presence shall
 hail.

Your partner, wherever in circles he moved,
Social, religious, or e'en those of state,
Was always respected, yea, often beloved,
For virtues, which truly were pleasing and great:
The Church of his fathers, where truth he had learned,
He cherished for years and years, to the last,
And at his departure sincerely they mourned,
While tears o'er his grave in profusion were cast.

Thy partner to thee was truly devoted,
Whose departure thy soul while here shall regret:
And though to the regions of glory promoted,
His love and his kindness thou ne'er canst forget:
May you and his children his footsteps pursue,
Imbibe the same spirit which swelled his fond soul;
And when to these changes you here bid adieu,
May rivers of pleasure around you e'er roll.

TO MRS. MILLER,

*On the Death of her Husband, the Rev. John E. Miller, of the
R. D. Church, Staten Island.*

Lo! lo! the heralds of the cross here die,
Long, long obedient to their Master's will,
While He whom thus they served, from regions high,
Beholds His glorious cause advancing still.

Yet, though the Church on earth must live, yea, rise
Amid these fearful scenes of death and woe,
She need not check her tender, rising sighs,
Nor sympathy for mourning friends forego.

For thee and thine an interest deep she feels,
Yea, truly mourns her own depressing loss,
While pleasing, cheering hope to her reveals,
For pastor dear, the triumphs of the cross.

Another servant fills the sacred place,
Where your fond husband, man of God, once trod,
To preach the same delightful truths of grace,
And, like him, lead the soul away to God.

Like your protector, may he ever prove
A minister of Jesus, humble, true,
Distinguished for his acts of faith and love,
Till to the cares of earth he bid adieu.

And, like him, may he, too, serenely shine,
A pastor ever to his people dear,
That they, through him, may taste those joys divine,
Which millions taste while even pilgrims here.

The noble character your husband bore,
Now truly soothes thy bleeding, aching heart,
And ever will, till changes all are o'er,
And you and friends beloved no more shall part.

~~THE~~ THE REV. DR. JOHN M. MASON,

Of New York. Written shortly after his Death.

WHEN martial chieftains of renown,
Those whom their country proudly own,
 In all their glory die,
By thousands tears are freely shed,
Because their brightest hopes have fled,
 And sigh long follows sigh.

And Christian heroes, when they leave
Their noble contest, shall none grieve
 As to their graves they turn—
As from the fields they here depart?
Shall not the Church, with bleeding heart,
 Their exit truly mourn?

That sorrow, Mason, she shall feel,
And to the world the same reveal,
 In this, her trying hour,

That earth no more shall hear thy voice,
Or in thine eloquence rejoice,
 Its living, burning power.

On the proud pinnacle of fame,
Will rest forever thy fair name,
 While genius men admire;
Or while to Gospel truth they bow,
Or feel within the fervent glow
 Of pure, celestial fire.

Resplendent star—thou here hast set,
Amid our deep, sincere regret,
 On earth no more to shine.
But why thus sad? Thou art above,
Reflecting there Jehovah's love—
 And shall we dare repine?

~~TO~~ THE LATE REV. DR. PHILIP MILLEDOLER,

Of New York.

'MONG those whom I have named,
Now dead, (how great our loss!)
Who here for years proclaimed
The glories of the cross,
On Zion's walls,
Milledoler, sure,
For honor calls
Long to endure.

The Church was ever thronged
Where he was to appear,
By thousand souls who longed
His fervent voice to hear—
Which had a charm
Of sacredness,
Foes to disarm,
And souls to bless.

E'en at this present hour,
No pastor do I know,
Of greater zeal or power
Than he was wont to show—
Or more admired
By those around,
For traits desired,
Or doctrines sound.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

WHO these sacred grounds can tread,
Amid the emblems of the dead,
Nor one smile wear—
To think that noble souls have fled
From sin and care?

Their earthly race is safely run,
And they the prize have nobly won,
That shines in heaven—
A bright, a high, unfading crown,
To saints e'er given.

Say, would they here again remove,
And leave the God of boundless love,
And all His train—
His hosts, and all their songs above,
For sin and pain?

No; let them here in splendor roll,
With worlds on worlds at their control,
Be e'er so wise,
They feel the value of the soul,
And dross despise.

And while my heart her homage pays
To worth, here let me pause, and gaze
 At one fond tomb—
A tribute to Jehovah's praise,
 Long, long to bloom.

Grateful emotions here I feel,
As I repeat the name—ABEEL—
 Known far and wide;
And o'er his dust I fain would kneel,
 In holy pride.

China, that name shall long revere—
China, unto his soul most dear;
 For whom he sighed,
For whom he shed the mourning tear,
 For whom he died.

And never can his friends forget,
While deeply they their loss regret,
 His noble heart;
Few suns, indeed, as here they set,
 Such light impart.

TO THE REV. DR. J. N. WYCKOFF,

Of Albany, on the Death of his Wife.

THE wife of thy bosom, beneath the cold sod,
In silence now lies, by the will of thy God ;
This thought, my dear friend, all murmuring should
 stay,
And make thee submissive, though dark be thy way.

This hope sure relieves thee, amid all thy gloom,
That she whom thou lovest, (now low in the tomb,)
Thy friend most devoted, the nearest and best,
With saints and with angels is ever at rest.
Her conflicts with sin and with sorrow are o'er,
And she shall be tempted and weep here no more ;
Her soul is now swelling with joys ever pure,
And which, unlike those she has left, shall endure.

May thy children, whose tears so bitterly flow,
The God of their mother beloved, all know—
Her ways and her spirit, here often review,
And like her, to sin in its love, bid adieu,—

Like her, in all circles, serenely too shine,
And prove, by their works, that their faith is divine ;
And when they to earth, with its cares, bid farewell,
Like her in the presence of Jesus e'er dwell.

Go on, my dear brother, thy Master to serve,
Thine arms for all conflicts He ever will nerve ;
Thy labors are those unto Him most dear,
And must prove triumphant amid ev'ry fear ;
And when all these labors and trials shall cease,
How truly delightful, transporting thy peace.

TO THE REV. DR. BROADHEAD,

While living, of the R. D. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHEN first commissioned in thy Saviour's name,
His gospel in its glory to proclaim,
Thy faith, thine eloquence and holy zeal,
Made hearts the value of the soul to feel.
Where'er from place to place thy steps were led,
Sinners arose alive, as from the dead;
While those who wisdom's ways here long had trod,
Were nearer brought in heart and life to God,
And many a sad, dejected, mourning soul
Was taught on Him his burdens all to roll.
Hundreds, indeed, in glory now rejoice,
Who sat for years on earth beneath thy voice;
And hundreds more are wending fast their way,
Through thee, their guide, to realms of endless day.
Delightful when thy toils are nearly past,
Upon these truths thy grateful eye to cast;
Enough—enough to gratify thy heart,
And make thee more than willing to depart;
And when that solemn hour at last shall come,
May you descend in triumph to the tomb—
Recall these passing scenes of guilt and woe,
With feelings which the ransomed only know.

TO THE REV. DR. SPENCER,

Of Brooklyn, while living.

As a beacon you stand, 'mid darkness around,
To guide in all perils aright,
In your views of the gospel, child-like and sound,
And of your own Church the delight.

Your experience, sir, to thousands well known,
In workings of truth and of grace,
An influence around your counsels have thrown,
That ages can scarcely efface.

Your "pastoral sketches" have gone far and near,
In all their fond breathings of love,
And will in the future more important appear,
As onward and onward they move.

Long, long may you live the truth to extend,
With a heart devoted and brave,
And when all thy toils for its triumphs shall end,
Let truth be inscribed o'er thy grave.

THE TEARS OF PETER.

“And Peter went out, and wept bitterly.”

SAY, why did Peter shed
Those tears of bitter woe?—
Were they for kindred dead,—
O'er tombs did they thus flow—
Were kindred gone,—
Far, far, away,—
Was he alone,
To weep and pray?

Riches, did they take wing?—
With health did he now part?—
Sad changes, did they bring
Deep sorrow to his heart?—
All, all around,
Did friends now seem
An empty sound,
An idle dream?

Say, why those burning tears—
The reason 'can you tell?
Did unbelieving fears
His gloomy soul now swell?—
Did he now blame
His saving friend,
Fore'er the same,
Unto the end?

High in his Master's love
Peter had ever stood,
The heir of bliss above,
As wise and just and good;
In sacred word
We oft are told,
To shield the Lord
None, none so bold.

All dangers he could brave,
And in them glory, too;
No terrors had the grave
In his exalted view;—
Yet now he flies,
In time of need,
And Christ denies,
In word and deed.

The Saviour to him turns,
And casts one tender look,

Peter the meaning learns,
And every fibre shook;—
He sorrow feels,
While tears fast start,
And thus reveals
A broken heart.

Did Jesus e'er forgive,
This sin so foul and base?
Could Peter once more live,
And shout redeeming grace?
Yes, he once more
A star arose,
His light to pour
'Round friends and foes.

Let us inquiry make,
Though it insure deep gloom,—
Do we not vows oft break,
While gliding to the tomb?
Do we not dare
On Christ to frown,
And, free from care,
His cause disown?

While from Him thus we roam,
And thus His foes abet,
While we forsake our home,
Can He our souls forget?

He looks within
The sinful soul,
And tears begin
In streams to roll.

That love which cannot sleep,
In pity, then, can smile;
And while o'er sins we weep,
We cease from cares awhile;—
He calms the breast
When storms arise,
And leads to rest,
Beyond the skies.

PATRIOTISM REWARDED.

YOUNG Henry, full of fire, roused by alarms,
Leaves his fond home, and seeks for fame in arms;
The love of country bids him onward fly,
Nobly resolved to conquer or to die:
Quits his dear friends, his Emma, doubly dear,
Stifles each sigh, ~~and~~ drops one parting tear;
His dubious hopes he strives not to define,
But views with rising joy the length'ning line,
The glittering sword, the martial grand array,
And hopes to prove the hero of the day.
His Emma hopes so, too, nor dreads to own
The thousand fears her tender heart has known—
Prays Heaven to guard her Henry from all harms,
Smiles through her tears, and faints within his arms.
But, hark! the drum's loud roll, the piercing sife,
Calls him from scenes of love to dreadful strife;
He flies, as from a dream of pleasing fame,
And joins his bannered comrades on the plain—
The tedious march, the rough, untrodden way.
The want of food, of rest, the sultry day,

Were all forgotten, naught his spirits damped;
And when at night he in the field encamped,
He dreamed of love, while borne on fancy's wing,
And heard the song his Emma used to sing—
Strolled through each walk, revisited each shade,
Where first her charms his heart a captive made;
Then kneeled and begged, and vowed with constant heart
That ne'er again would he and Emma part;
While she more anxious, not less pleased, would dream
Of love and joy beside some sylvan stream—
Fancied she walked the fields with him alone,
And blushing, owned her heart was all his own.
Yet ever and anon would start with fear,
As though the rolling drum approached more near;
The martial pomp, the banners floating far,
And all the dread artillery of war—
The treach'rous path, the fosse, the deep morass,
The savage foes that ambush every pass,
And all the horrors of an Indian fight,
Would flit across his fancy through each night,
Till morning dawned, when hope bade terror fly,
And love and joy illuminate the eye.
At length the day arrived, when breast to breast
Young Henry met the foe, nor knew he rest
Till close of day, when, on his spear reclined,
The cry of victory cheered his sinking mind.
The leaden ball no longer sweeps the plain,
Destructive carnage quits her bloody reign.

His country hailed him as her guardian son,
And with promotion crowned the deeds he'd done.
The thoughts of home now cross his anxious mind,
And hopes of meeting Emma ever kind.

But soon the trumpet's blast his hope dispelled,
The gathering foe again had ta'en the field;
He springs to arms, asserts his country's cause,
And vindicates her liberty and laws.

A new bound wreath from victory's height he bore,
A living wreath, then sought his home once more;
There, loved by all, he meets with honor's meed,
While fame's loud trumpet sounds each martial deed.

But who can paint the lovely Emma's mien,
When next she meets her Henry on the green,—
Her blushing cheek, her modest, downcast eye,
Her bosom's throb, the half-checked rising sigh,
The faltering step, the trembling, glitt'ring tear,
The tear of bliss—than Peru's wealth more dear—
The transient flush, that o'er her bosom spread,
Like roses mingling in the lily's bed?

Young Henry saw, and felt each rising charm
Thrill through his breast, and every feeling warm;
With new delight the rising blush surveyed,
Then, with a lover's haste, he urged the maid
To name the nuptial day; but she, yet coy,
At first denied, then owned an equal joy—
Approved the proffer, threw aside each art,
And crowned the hero with a conquered heart.

Can freemen thus view gallant Henry rise,
The pride, the honor of the brave, the wise,
Nor feel one spark of sympathetic fire
Thrill through their breasts with emulous desire?
Oh! can they thus of fancied freedom boast,
While every charm that makes her dear is lost?
O, no! let discord fly our happy land,
And union join us in her mystic band;
Then may the world, united, strive in vain
To bind us captive with a tyrant's chain.

CHRISTIAN FREEDOM.

OF freedom enchanting our country can boast—
Can point to our fathers, a chivalrous host,
Who for its attainment their blood freely shed,
And in its sweet smiles are rejoicing, though dead:
Of them and their conquests we ever are proud,
Proclaiming their praises afar and aloud;
Yet surely a freedom, which never can die,
Demands from us anthems more noble and high.

Here not in our fathers, who sleep in the dust,
But in our Beloved most fondly we trust;
He saw us in bondage, amid all its tears,
And for our relief as a Saviour appears:
A ransom, He suffers, He bleeds, and He dies,
And gains us our freedom, a heavenly prize;—
A freedom not creatures, not angels can give—
A freedom whose blessings forever shall live.

In Sinai the Christian no terrors can see,
From it as to curses he ever is free;

Though its thunders in darkness around him may roll,
They cannot o'erwhelm or dismay his free soul;
For why should he yield to gloom and despair,
When Jesus commands him such feelings forbear?
No trust in himself he now ventures to place—
The law may condemn, but his hope is in grace.

Though often he trembles beneath the sore rod,
He feels it to be but the hand of his God;
Yea, though it take from him dear lover and friend,
In painful submission his spirit can bend.
He knows that his Father is gracious and good,
And by him in sorrow has fondly e'er stood:
His trials, though painful, are surely all right,
Nor will he dare murmur, though dark be the night.

The Christian is free when he views, too, his grave,
From it, though forbidding, his ransom can save;
It calms all commotion within his fond breast,
When Jesus assures him in peace he shall rest.
Such, such is the freedom which reigns in his heart,
He sometimes is willing, yea, longs to depart.
He feels not a dread at the thought of his foe,
Though he weeps to leave kindred still subject to woe.

SINNERS WRESTING THE SCRIPTURES TO THEIR
OWN DESTRUCTION.

How oft, with boasting zest,
Do mortals here below,
The sacred Scriptures wrest,
To their eternal woe.

Some things are hard, they say,
They cannot understand—
Therefore would cast away
The simple, plain command.

As well, indeed, complain,
When nature grand they see,
That all, alas! is vain,
Because a mystery.

The stars, who comprehends
Of mortals the most wise?
Or sun, as it descends
Beneath the western skies?

Or flower, which buds and blooms—
Or the reviving dew—
Or cloud, as it assumes
Its variegated hue?

Then murmur, man, no more,
Because the truths of grace,
In all their boundless store,
Are wonders to thy race.

The uncreated mind,
What mortal power can grasp?—
Angelic beings find
(E'en Gabriel) vain the task.

His Incarnation here—
His death for the unjust;
Who, who can make these clear
To creatures of the dust?

Or how, at the last hour,
The body leaves the sod,
Transcends all earthly power?—
The secret lies with God.

Or why the Lord bestows
His grace on some alone?—
No human bosom knows—
All searchless is His throne.

What fancy can conceive,
The raptures which await
All those who here believe
In their Redeemer great?

Or pangs which swell the soul
Of those who die in sin?—
As endless ages roll
Their torments but begin.

Because such truths are high,
Exceeding—'bove us all,
Shall we the same deny—
For mercy never call?

From folly such, O Lord,
Preserve us in Thy might—
And may Thy sacred Word
Throughout, be our delight.

In it may we rejoice
Till death shall o'er us reign,
There rest, until Thy voice
Shall bid us rise again.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SOLOMON AND ST. PAUL
CONTRASTED.

THE Queen of Sheba, we are told,
Came, and in proud array,
That Solomon she might behold—
The wonder of his day.
His spreading fame had reached her ear—
Hence from afar she came;
But, lo! the facts, as they appear,
She scarcely dare proclaim.
Not half, she says, in fond delight,
Was ever told to me,
Nor did I dream, in fancy's flight,
Such splendors here to see!
His answers to her queries now
Like magic almost sound,
Creating in her breast a glow
Of reverence profound.
The beauty of the temple, too—
Its worship, solemn, grand,
Are wonderful unto her view,
And praises loud command.

The order, splendor of his court,
All pass before her gaze,
While she, it seems (by her report),
Is lost in wild amaze.
Yet, 'mid these royal splendors all,
What were they at life's close—
Could they his mercies lost recall,
Or mitigate his woes?
He views them now, as they pass by,
With deep corroding care,
All, all, alas! as vanity,
As bubbles in the air.
Thus closed the days of Solomon,
Who shadows had amassed;
Thus did he mourn, though on a throne,
In splendor ne'er surpassed.
Not so, indeed, the closing days
Of Paul, to whom we turn
With admiration and with praise,
And cheering lessons learn.
He promise gave, when but a boy,
Of high distinction here,
The rising hope and swelling joy,
Of friends and country dear;
Nor was this pleasing promise vain,
As facts have since disclosed,—
Proud eminence we see him gain,
Though to the Cross opposed.

But soon a light from heaven reveals
This Cross, past man's control—
He falls, he rises, nor conceals
The joy within his soul.
For joys like this he now declines
Earth with its fortunes fair,
While on his Saviour he reclines
His every hope and care:
With noble soul, exalted, pure,
Of true celestial worth,
He suffers all man can endure
From mortal foes on earth;
Is dragged away at last in chains,
To agonize and die,
Yet, amid his torturing pains,
Can earth and hell defy.
The noble battle I have fought,
My earthly race have run,
The faith have kept, and now am brought
Unto my setting sun.
Henceforth for me, beyond the skies,
I see, yea, nothing less,
A crown, an everlasting prize,
Which I shall soon possess;
With others, too, all of our race
Who Christian heroes prove,
Through rich, abundant, saving grace,
And everlasting love.

Such was the bliss, devoid of pride,
Which swayed th' Apostle's heart;
Such was the bliss in which he died—
Like him may we depart.

A QUESTION OF INFINITE MOMENT.

“What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?”—Mark, x. 17.

IN former years, a youthful Jew,
Of prepossessing mien,
Who to himself would fain prove true,
Was near our Saviour seen ;
Prostrate before His feet he fell,
Anxious at once to hear
How with his soul it might be well,
When time should disappear ;
What shall I do? he fondly cries ;
What means, while here, employ,
That I to endless life may rise,
To everlasting joy?

To this inquiry Jesus said,
(Impressive, grave His air,)
The Ten Commandments thou hast read,
With more than usual care.
To which the ruler quick replied,
(Would he had known his heart,)
With an imposing, swelling pride,
From these I ne'er depart ;

All these, indeed, all, all, forsooth,
Which you have counted o'er,
Have I e'er kept, e'en from my youth,
Yea, will forevermore.

Then Jesus, with a loving eye,
Glanced at this youth again,
By works once more his hopes would try,
To prove such hopes all vain.
He had, though young, at his control
(For which here millions pray,
Great wealth, the idol of his soul,
Which gave him powerful sway;
This Jesus bids him give the poor,
Their patron thus become,
But he the test could not endure,
Hence turned away in gloom.

Thus from this youth (whom, for his weal,
The Saviour would abase,)
We learn a truth which all should feel,
That man is saved by grace.
Though he should keep the law entire,
From this day to the last,
In act, in language, and desire,
Where, where is all the past?
But none, not one, can thus obey
The law from Sinai given;

Faith is the way, the living way,
The only way to Heaven.

Would God! His heralds were as bold,
As faithful as their Lord,
That fearlessly they might unfold
To each His searching word,
Not seek among their people ease,
(Selfish, debasing aim,)
Nor toil the carnal heart to please,
But e'er the truth proclaim—
The truth, the naked truth alone,
Though man should ne'er caress,
Which God in time would duly own,
Yea, with salvation bless.

We from our Saviour here may learn,
Yea, all the world around,
That if to Him we fully turn,
Trials will e'er abound;
O'er daily sins our souls must sigh,
Shed often bitter tears,
Take up the Cross, ourselves deny,
Superior to all fears.
If we thus follow Him below,
He will our souls defend,
In all our conflicts, all our woe,
Will prove a shield and friend.

TO THE REV. MR. STIMSON,

Of Castleton, Rensselaer County, New York.

ALTHOUGH the country be the humble sphere,
Where thou art called to proclaim
The truths of Jesus, to thy soul most dear,
Yet not unknown is thy fair name.

Thy merits, sir, thy people highly prize,
(And well indeed they truly may,)
As pastor faithful, and as teacher wise,
In all you do, in all you say.

With zeal, sir, labor in thy present field,
Nor in thy pride e'er deem it low,
For heaven, a richer harvest it may yield,
Than one of more imposing show.

TO THE REV. MR. SMITH,

Of the R. D. Church, Brooklyn.

WHAT, what though Paul may plant,
Apollos nourish too,
Unless the Lord shall grant,
His holy, heavenly dew.

Proud sinners ne'er
Will o'er sin mourn,
Or, in true fear,
To God return.

Hence, you may, sir, infer,
God's Spirit is thy friend,
Around thee to confer
Graces that never end.

For 'neath thy voice,
E'en to this hour,
Hundreds rejoice
Through saving power.

Most grateful to thy soul,
It sure must ever be,
Beneath divine control,
Thy great success to see.
E'er be it so,
Yea, greater still
Where'er you go,
On Zion's hill.

THE REV. WM. B. SPRAGUE, D. D.,

Of Albany.

SPRAGUE is a name, long to our Zion known,
With rising favor and delight,
Whom she is proud to honor as her own,
As well, indeed, she truly might:
A star of magnitude, afar he shines,
Among our wisest and our best divines.

Not like those meteors which, a moment here,
Now dazzle and astonish all,
Then quickly break, and sadly disappear,
As from their glowing heights they fall;
But, like superior stars in their fixed place,
A long, a lasting blessing to our race.

Though in the grave his ashes long may sleep,
Enjoying there for ages rest,
Yet shall he still to rising thousands speak,
From North to South, from East to West:
Though silent here—may be ere long—his voice,
Yet in his writings shall the Church rejoice.

What greater glory can poor mortals crave,
 In all their aspirations high,
Than nobly thus to triumph o'er the grave,
 In usefulness that cannot die :
With such a grand, commanding end in view,
Why, why complain because their days are few ?

Patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, too,
 From bliss celestial lowly bend,
Exulting in their songs and anthems new,
 That such was here their leading end :
The fruit of all their tears and toils on earth,
In their esteem is now of priceless worth.

So with the martyrs, who here long withstood
 The persecutions of their foes,
Resisting bravely, e'en to fire and blood,
 This thought within their bosoms rose :—
Although we die, we yet shall ever live,
And to the Church our fond instructions give.

Others, with faith and zeal and love have trod,
 The paths of these illustrious dead,
All leading to the bosom of their God,
 Where tears and conflicts e'er have fled ;
But their memorials fond have left behind,
To soothe, enlighten, and to bless mankind.

These were to Zion her delight and boast—
 Some in their freshness and their bloom,

Others in years, but 'still in age a host,
Now tenants of the dreary tomb:
She weeps, she weeps, alas! her bitter tears,
While heav'n a cheerful, smiling aspect wears.

Heav'n clearly sees beyond the passing hour,
That while the Church here sadly sighs,
God has within His hands the mighty power,
To make her by these deaths more wise—
Yea, e'en these very spirits to employ,
As instruments of her eternal joy.

With men like these, we Sprague would freely rank,
Humble and modest in his ways,
In soul and disposition noble, frank,
Deserving of our warmest praise:
Heroes and statesmen here receive applause,
Shall not the champions of a nobler cause?

TO THE REV. MR. MILBURN,

*On hearing his Speech at the Inauguration Festival of the
Brooklyn College Hospital.*

THE festival pleased me exceedingly, sir,
A feast of the soul and of love,
And the college thus started (O, may I not err)
A blessing to ages will prove.

To Sloan and his compeers may Brooklyn long give
A tribute deserved and just,
And more than on marble, O let their names live,
When they shall lie low in the dust.

And now, sir, I tender my thanks most profound,
For the joy—nay, more, the delight,—
Which you gave unto me and others around,
In your speech, *the speech* of the night.

Some others, perhaps, more inquiry displayed,
Exceeded thee in study and lore,
But, 'mid all the learning against thee arrayed,
Thy brilliancy shone forth the more.

They say, at a feast e'er reserve to the last
The viands most precious and choice,
By direction like this, to close the repast,
Were wisely the charms of thy voice.

Lo! Farley had spoken, to many well known,
In his efforts to bless his own kind,
And who in those efforts distinctly had shone,
As a writer and speaker refined.

And Vinton his voice harmonious had raised,
Who shines in his Church as a star;
Who, by the discerning, has loudly been praised
Not only anear, but afar.

Then Storrs spread his pinions, ascending on high,
As thus he is wont oft to do,
Most eloquent, truly, as none could deny,
Inferior only to you.

Then Hughes, lo, addressed us, the learned and wise,
Archbishop, indeed, now on earth;
On whom most intensely were fixed all eyes,
As a man of distinction and worth.

Then Francis, the octogenarian, appeared,
The head of the medical race,
Who here for himself a memorial has reared,
Which ages can scarcely efface.

Lo! others, too, clearly and ably all spake,
Receiving by merit applause,
That they due attention and zeal might awake,
In behalf of so noble a cause.

To conclude the repast came thy magical name,
Which inspired with pleasure each breast,
And excuse me, dear sir, if here I proclaim
Thy speech, though the last, still the best.

TO A SON,

*On leaving his Home in the Country for a Residence in the
City of New York.*

THOUGH in a cavern man reside,
He from temptation cannot flee;
There vanity, and lust, and pride,
In their offensive forms we see.

Man has a living foe within,
Which often shall assail his peace—
A child of sorrow and of sin,
Retirement cannot give release.

On sea, on land, by day, by night,
He struggles with this living foe,
With hopes and prospects sometimes bright,
And then, again, 'mid clouds of woe.

But though temptations e'er abound,
In all their treachery and guile,
Yet in large cities they are found
Far more seductive, far more vile.

Sin loses there its hateful mien,
Creates within but few alarms,
And, as an angel, oft is seen,
Attracting by its seeming charms.

Of all such charms, my son, beware,
Before, alas! it prove too late,
Or soon, a child of dark despair,
Mercy for thee will no more wait.

To fixed principles prove true,
The principles of truth and grace;
Thus you to fears may bid adieu,
And shine an honor to your race.

TO THE REV. MR. VAN NEST,

Of the R. D. Church, New York.

ALTHOUGH but now a youth,
Thy praises sound afar,
And thou, sir, of a truth,
Art here a rising star—
Amid dark night
To guide the way,
By heavenly light
To endless day.

Thus, 'mid this dreary waste,
Long may you brightly shine,
And then to glory haste,
With radiance more divine—
Thy light to pour,
'Mid lights above,
Where angels soar,
And all is love.

TO THE REV. DR. KREBS,

Of the Presbyterian Church, New York.

THY heart, sir, noble, kind,
Can feel for mourners here,
Relief, too, often find,
In mingling tear with tear:
Such hearts we want
As guides below,
For such we pant
In all our woe.

And with thy tender breast
For man, when earth all lowers,
As thousands can attest,
Great are thy mental powers:
Though many shine
Who round thee dwell,
In robes divine
Few thee excel.

Few pastors have remained
So long, sir, in one place,
Or such applauses gained
For wisdom, truth, and grace,
As thou, my friend ;
A precious few—
And to the end
May this be true.

TO AN AGED CLERGYMAN,

*Who had labored for many years in one place without
apparent success.*

DEAR sir, do not despond
Because your church is small,
For many pastors fond
Have no success at all,
To carnal eye,
Which cannot see
The promise high,
Or to it flee.

For forty years or so,
Your labors, zeal, and love,
In scenes of sin and woe,
This statement clearly prove—
That pastors may
Be faithful here,
Till life decay
Mid prospects drear.

Thus Noah preached for years,
Unwilling rest to take,
From labor or from tears,
Proud sinners to awake—
That while floods dark
Were spreading waste,
Into the ark
They all might haste.

Prophets, Apostles toiled,
With all their holy might,
But to the last were foiled,
At least, in human sight.
Not minds that tower,
Or spirits brave,
In all their power,
The soul can save.

Yea, Jesus while on earth,
Who came the world to bless,
In all His glorious worth,
Had here but faint success.
His words men hear,
But from them turn,
And, without fear,
His counsels spurn.

Servants are not as great
As their fond Master, sure,

And may with patience wait,

Yea, trials long endure.

The seed they sow

Shall sprout—yea, must—

Though they lie low,

Low in the dust.

TO THE REV. M. W. DWIGHT, D. D.,

Of the Reformed Dutch Church.

LOVE, like a gentle streamlet, flows
Through all thy sermons and thy prayers,
And round them all an int'rest throws,
In which the hearer fondly shares.

All gospel truths, in love expressed,
The wounded soul must ever prize:
They ease the anguish of the breast,
And point to treasures in the skies.

Such are the traits which closely bind
A people to their pastor dear,
And which, wherever here we find,
Delightful to the Church appear.

Persuasive, truly, oft thou art,
In pleading here thy Master's cause,
Impressing deeply mind and heart—
Worth more, far more, than bare applause.

How many, touched by grace divine,
While listening to thy pleasing voice,
Now stars in Zion brightly shine,
And in their Saviour's smiles rejoice!

These gratefully will ever own
Thy ministry, as means of peace;
And thus will prove thy lasting crown
When tears and conflicts all shall cease.

In my imperfect, candid view,
Thou art the man whom God approves—
In all relations, humble, true—
And whom my heart sincerely loves.

TO THE REV. DR. HODGE,

Of the Baptist Church.

As a man, I admire thee—noble and kind—
In all thy professions sincere;
Displaying those beauties of heart and of mind
To friendship most sacred and dear.

As a Christian, I love thee—free from all guile—
To Jesus devoted and true;
On whom the bright angels serenely must smile,
As they that devotion shall view.

Fond emotions like these the higher arise,
Pervading more warmly my breast,
When here, as a teacher, you point to the skies,
Where the ransomed in glory e'er rest.

As a pastor, thy praises truly are high,
Wherever as such thou art known,
On whom thy fond people with pleasure rely,
As by all their actions is shown.

Go on,—e'er continue the truth to hold forth,
In acts of devotion and love;
Go on, e'er enlarging, through grace, thine own worth,
Till meet for the regions above.

TO THE REV. DR. MATHEWS,

Of the City of New York, acknowledging the receipt of his Lectures on the Bible and Men of Learning; presented with his kind regards.

YOUR lectures on learned men came safely to hand,
A prize to the Church, in my view,
And must from the public praises command,
For sentiments noble and true.

All, all of these lectures are easy and bold,
Without the appearance of art,
And must to the reader instruction unfold,
Improving the mind and the heart.

In your church in New York, when merely a boy,
I first gave my affections away,
In public, to Jesus, with pleasure and joy—
My life and my hope to this day.

By you, and by Mason, of world-wide renown,
As teacher, was led to hold forth
The Scriptures inspired, and now fondly own
Thy talents as well as thy worth.

A deep interest hence I ever must feel,
In all that concerns thy fair name,
And hope, when scenes future all secrets reveal,
Thy Judge will thy praises proclaim.

TO THE REV. DR. BETHUNE,

Of the Reformed Dutch Church, Brooklyn.

AMONG the ministers of truth and grace,
I give thee, sir, a high, commanding place:
Of *truth*—than gold more precious to thy soul—
Moulded, sustained, and cheered by its control;
Of *grace*—perennial fount, 'mid all thy woe,
From which thy hopes, thy choicest blessings flow.
Beauty and force and eloquence are thine,
At which no mortal surely need repine;
Nay, which the thousands cannot but admire,
Who love the glow of holy, heav'n-born fire.
Humble withal, devoted and sincere,
A lovely, charming aspect dost thou wear;
To this, once add a soul, exalted, pure,
And wide the triumphs thou must here secure:
Sinners shall listen and shall tremble, too,
And, thus convicted, shall for mercy sue;
Christians shall hearken to the gospel sound,
And in the fruits of righteousness abound;

Neighboring churches shall become more wise,
And from their altars sweeter songs arise.
Thus, thus the strains proceeding from thy voice
Shall make both Zion and the world rejoice.
Still, thou art weak—a creature of the dust,
And not in thee, but in thy God we trust;
From Him thy powers and graces all are given,
And He alone can lead the soul to heaven.

TO THE REV. DR. WELSH,

Of the Baptist Church.

THE "city of churches" thy presence, sir, hail,
Thy mission of mercy and love,
So full of the Gospel, which never can fail
The hearts of proud sinners to move.

Though its servants devoted, we always should prize,
Because of their object in view;
Yet in our affections, some higher must rise,
And thou, sir, among the choice few.

Thine eloquence fervid, I greatly admire,
And so do the thousands who hear
The glow of an humble, heaven-born fire,
Which always must lovely appear.

May the Spirit of Jesus, the Master you serve,
In mercy illumine your way;
Your arms, for your conflicts, embolden and nerve,
E'er making triumphant your day.

While unto His throne all devoted you flee,
There mercies afresh to implore;
May you of His fulness and glory more see,
Till sin and its sorrows are o'er.

Your labors of love may He deign long to own,
In effusions of pardon and peace,
E'er granting fresh trophies as gems in your crown,
Till labors and conflicts all cease.

TO THE REV. B. F. ROMAINE,

Editor of the American Spectator, Albany.

THE persons I've named as likely to take
Your Paper, so long to me known,
I hope will subscribe, and not for my sake,
But chiefly, indeed, for their own.

For years I've known it, and favorably, too—
Its merits to all can commend,
Trusting that others those merits will view,
And to it their influence lend.

A champion, dear sir, you nobly have stood,
Of virtue and wisdom below,
Sustaining all measures exalted and good,
As well your fond readers must know.

The chains of the slave you fain would all sever,
And raise him, 'mid joy, from the dust;
Nor sanction by law, never, no never,
Oppression so vile and unjust.

But still, when these chains are legalized here,
Though over the fact you may mourn,
The slave you would teach his bondage to bear,
Till law shall the same overturn.

The demon that leads here millions astray,
Destroying both body and soul,
Intemperance, I mean, in all its dismay,
In its bud, you would wisely control.

While as to the truth, the truth all divine,
Which Jesus revealed here on earth;
On which, with such zest, the dying recline,
Transcending the Indies in worth,

You fain would proclaim without the least taint,
With the spirit of Luther all pure,
To those who are weary, those who are faint,
Their anchor, e'er steadfast and sure.

These, these are your objects, precious and grand,
These, these you maintain, with due fire;
These our best wishes and praises command,
And will while the truth we admire.

Success to you, sir, in all these fond aims—
Your talents the public approve;
Success to your Journal, while thus it proclaims
The echoes of faith and of love.

TO THE REV. DR. TAYLOR,

Of the R. D. C., Bergen, New Jersey.

Go on, sir, fondly to proclaim,
From Zion's holy hill,
The truths of Jesus in His name,
Nor let thy voice be still.

Go on, with Jesus e'er thy theme,
Affording ample scope
For all thy powers, whate'er they seem,
Or for exalted hope.

Go on, the sinner's heart to move,
Nor fear repelling field,
By means of terror and of love,
Till grace a harvest yield.

Go on, to Christians e'er remain
A friend, a counsellor wise;
That they, when conflicts cease, may gain
A mansion in the skies.

Go on, nor at the grave e'er cease
To soothe the bleeding heart,
Pointing to worlds of lasting peace,
Where friends no more shall part.

Go on, nor e'er thy work confine
To those beneath thy care;
It is thy Master's will divine,
Others thy toils should share.

Go on, yea, let thy toils abound,
E'en to expiring breath;
Others, are the wide world around,
In darkness and in death.

Go on, and when thy toils are o'er,
Thy burdens all laid down;
With sin and foes, and tears no more,
How sweet will be thy crown.

TO THE R. D. CHURCH OF BROOKLYN,

*Under the Pastoral Care of the Rev. Mr. Van Guisen, compelled
in consequence of ill health to leave awhile for the South.*

FORGET not at your altars dear,
Whence orisons ascend,
To him who loves true prayers to hear,
Thy pastor and thy friend.

Delightful to his soul to know,
That those beneath his care,
On his behalf there lowly bow,
In all his welfare share.

Let not your love or zeal abate,
As you shall intercede,
Not, not for gifts to make him great,
But grace as he shall need.

Without it learning may abound,
Or genius rise and soar,
As cymbals, they will always sound
As idle, nothing more.

Forget him not, when all is bright,
Calm and serene his skies—
When not a cloud of cheerless night
Seems o'er his path to rise.

Forget him not, 'mid all his gloom,
When nature smiles in vain;
When, far from kindred and from home,
Dark clouds are seen again.

His duties fain would he fulfil,
His warning voice fain raise;
But, lo! that voice must now be still,
Yea, silent all his praise.

Though clouds surround Jehovah's throne,
Though we are left in tears,
His love and mercy all shall own,
As light divine appears.

That light, O Lord! deign to impart
To people, pastor, too;
That all, though e'en with mourning heart,
To fears may bid adieu.

THE COMING NATIONAL FAST DAY.

COME, let us, a whole nation, bow
Before Jehovah's throne,
In penitential garb and low,
Our varied sins to own—
A truly grand imposing sight,
In which e'en angels must delight.

Let rulers in their stations high,
Though diadems they wear;
O'er their transgressions deeply sigh,
Confessing what they are;
Yea, let their souls be frank and free,
Nor hope but in the Gospel see.

With rulers let the people kneel,
Performing well their parts,
And to the King of kings reveal
The burden of their hearts—
While in their dire and pressing need,
For mercy they like Jacob plead.

Our public sins like mountains rise,
For retribution call;
For these let tears suffuse our eyes,
While fears our hearts appal—
As patriots let us deeply mourn,
As Christians to our God return.

Nor private sins let us forget,
As we the past run o'er,
Pardon for these, with deep regret,
Our bosoms should implore—
Lest they, in magnitude, at last
Our pleasing hopes of heaven all blast.

As incense to the Lord of love,
May our fond prayers prevail,
His tender sympathies to move
Toward creatures sinful, frail—
That o'er our free and vast domain
The pestilence no more may reign.

REMINISCENCES OF UNION COLLEGE.

PLEASING, indeed, through distant years,
 The season to retrace,
When, with expanding hopes and fears,
 At first we sought a place
In Union College; as a dream
Do all those hours at present seem—
Nott and McAuley gravely came,
At once the ordeal to proclaim.

Asked Warner, tutor, to proceed
 To see what then we knew,
If Greek and Latin we could read,
 Yea, master Daboll, too—
All in their robes in proud array,
Ready our progress to survey;
While there we sat, calm and composed,
Until the test had safely closed.

Nott's sun was in its zenith then,
 McAuley's not so high—

Warner had a close student been,
 Passing his classmates by—
Standing, in honors, number one;
The former, long have brightly shone,
Both near and far o'er our wide earth,
For learning, eloquence, and worth.

With Wayland I first roomed awhile,
 Whose fame has spread abroad,
On whom success did not then smile,
 E'en with a faint reward—
Who left his Alma Mater fair,
As he since told me in despair;
And, but for a kind friend in Troy,
Would not e'en now those smiles enjoy.

Wisner was member of our class,
 Whose sun has long since set,
The sun of life I mean, alas!
 Not of his virtues yet.
The sun of these shall long remain,
Nor in its splendor shine in vain;
Upon its beams thousands shall gaze,
And imitate as well as praise.

Ludlow, Van Vranken, our delight,
 Were then upon the roll;
The Potters—constellation bright—
 To guide, if not control

The Church, by their instructions wise,
That in her truths she might arise—
Shining, wherever she should run,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun.

Warren, my Saratoga friend,
I fondly here display,
Who o'er his books was seen to bend
By night as well as day ;
When called his pastor to become,
I saw him in his manly bloom,
A lawyer, judge, as well as saint,
Whose praises were nor small nor faint.

There, Tucker, too, we fondly greet
'Mid long successive days,
Who, by his poesy so sweet,
Had gained the highest praise ;
No longer courting now the Nine,
We see him in the pulpit shine,
Devoted to his Master's cause
With more, far more, than man's applause.

Phillips, too, a favorite name,
Must swell our feeble song,
Who has ascended to fair fame,
By toiling, hard and long,
With Christian faith, and love, and zeal,
His Master's mandates to reveal—

Exulting in the glorious plan
Of sovereign grace to ransom man.

Here Foot to fond distinction rose,
Of his large class the pride,
And afterward, his merit shows,
In circles far and wide :
As barrister his name is high,
On whose wise counsels men rely ;
As judge, is both profound and clear,
Above all praise, as well as fear.

There, Seward's name they daily call,
While Seward answers, here—
Incentive to the students all,
Away the palm to bear :
With talents grand, and aims all pure,
He must his country's smiles secure ;
Yea, o'er her fair dominions wide,
At day not distant far preside.

Invidious we would not be,
In this our hasty glance ;
Others around us we may see
In all their fond advance—
To usefulness and fame, in time,
And glories after more sublime.
Her sons—these, these we know all well,
And freely would their praises swell.

Others there are, yea, not a few,
 In this illustrious land,
Who to its honors bid adieu,
 Though these they might command;—
All, all are not as facts attest,
The wisest, greatest, or the best,
Whose names sound far, or rise to power,
Perhaps the purchase of an hour.

Hail, Alma Mater, ever hail,
 To thee we fondly turn;
Thy kind instructions ne'er shall fail
 To make our bosom burn
For the best weal of all around;
And may thy sons for e'er abound,
With more than admiration far,
For Nott, thy bright, thy polar star.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

REVIVALS of religion here,
Their blessings round to pour,
Are to the Christian far more dear
Than fame or golden ore;—
His greatest treasures on this earth
Are doubtless those of moral worth,
Which he may covet more
Than those which through creation wide
But dazzle, to increase man's pride.

The Church her noblest aspect wears,
When she from sloth awakes,
Amid her conflicts and her tears,
The heavenly armor takes—
Relying in her darkest hour,
In all her zeal on that high power
Which Satan's kingdom shakes;
Yea, lays it prostrate in the dust,
Like Dagon whom vain man would trust.

To see the Christian Church arise,
In all her beauty shine,
Creates among the just and wise
Pure joy, yea, joy divine,
On Earth; and not on earth alone,
But even round Jehovah's throne
The ransomed all combine,
O'er every convert to the cross,
And grace expanding to rejoice.

Revivals of religion well,
In all their influence grand,
May patriotic feelings swell,
Throughout our happy land;—
These are the blessings which secure
Her liberty, all sacred, pure—
Which make her truly stand,
As thus her banners are unfurled,
The admiration of the world.

The more revivals here advance,
Their power and beauty show,
We all perceive, at single glance,
The wiser will man grow;
The infidel with solemn awe,
Who once in sin no evil saw,
Will to the Saviour go,
Confessing, and with anxious breast,
That in his sins he finds no rest.

The drunkard from his lips will dash
The sad, the fatal bowl;
The swearer, too, profane and rash,
His language will control;
The libertine, ashamed, will fly
From haunts of guilt and misery;—
Each, each with haunted soul,
Ne'er finding peace till, with heart new,
The paths of virtue they pursue.

Husbands and wives, and children all,
The kinder now become,
As dews of heaven upon them fall,
The sweeter is their home.
The rulers govern with more care,
The people more obedient are,
Wherever they shall roam;
While all creation, free from guile,
At grace triumphant seems to smile.

Then let the Church sincerely pray,
With fervor and delight,
At morn, at noon, and close of day,
For these revivals bright—
That they may flourish and increase,
Like floods diffusing joy and peace,
Till day succeeds the night;
Till kindred, friends, the world around,
The trophies of the cross are found.

PERSEVERANCE.

By perseverance wise,
To eminence while here,
Thousands and thousands rise,
From stations lowly, drear—
Zeal they display,
From hour to hour,
Till pass away
The clouds that lower.

Solely by dint of toil,
Do husbandmen surmount
All barrenness of soil;
Make rocks a flowing fount—
While they employ
Due means with zeal,
Expanding joy
They soon reveal.

The merchant lays each plan
With prudence and with care,

The issue seeks to scan,
Success his daily prayer—
 Though oft may cease
 What here he earns,
His toils increase
 Till wealth returns.

The scholar fame desires,
Trimming his midnight lamp—
This end his bosom fires,
Yea, all his movements stamp—
 He fans the flame,
 By day, by night,
To make his name
 The world's delight.

Warriors endearments fly,
Foes savage freely brave,
For country nobly die,
Their pay—a hero's grave.
 Each perseveres,
 Through darkest gloom,
Till fairest wreaths
 Entwine their tomb.

Lovers for maidens sue,
Entreating heart and hand,
Nor bid to hope adieu,
Till they fond smiles command.

They ne'er despond,
But faithful prove,
Till Hymen fond
Binds them in love.

The Christian ne'er forgets
His end amid his woes,
Toils till his sun here sets,
And round its radiance throws.
By faith and worth,
Through these alone,
He conquers earth,
And gains a throne.

PRAYER.

WHAT profit, if to God we pray,
What profit, thousands proudly say,
Can we thus gain?
Jehovah cannot change His way,
While He shall reign.

Though God most high is e'er the same,
Jacob, until the blessing came,
Wrestled in prayer;
And such, indeed, was Moses' flame,
For Israel dear.

Elijah, Daniel, also knew,
While to the Lord they fondly flew,
In humble want,
The Lord, their sōuls with smiles would view,
And favors grant.

Nor did the early Christians cease,
Fondly to pray for gospel peace,
And joy and love,

That all these graces might increase,
And reign above.

By prayer alone the Church will rise—
This is the weapon that defies
The hosts of hell—
Nor can we, till we reach the skies,
Its triumphs tell.

JESUS IN HEAVEN THE SAME AS WHILE ON
EARTH.

IF we to Jesus turn,
A pilgrim sad on earth,
His character we learn,
In all its glorious worth—
Nor from it start,
(A picture true,)
With dreary heart,
As millions do.

Although of sin a foe,
In every devious form,
Compassion He could show,
Yea, love and mércy warm—
Toward those who sought
Forgiveness here,
And to Him brought
Their offerings dear.

Not one did He turn off
From sharing in His grace,
Not at the culprit scoff,
When on the cross, as base,
He sought in prayer,
With loyal breath,
That grace to share
In all its wealth.

So is it even now,
To those who o'er sin weep,
Who at His altar bow,
In sorrow, fervent, deep;
While they repine,
O'er all their sin,
By grace divine
Their joys begin.

Let none then sadly say,
God has a chosen race,
To whom He will display
Alone a smiling face;
And though we plead
Again, again,
In all our need,
Our prayers are vain.

By prayers like these alone,
In their reliance pure,

Before Jehovah's throne,
They make their calling sure—
And may rejoice,
Where'er they dwell,
With heart and voice,
That all is well.

TO MRS. SHERWELL,

Of Brooklyn, on her Safe Return from England.

SURE, fair Britannia's cheerful isle,
Where friends and kindred dwell,
Where relics of the past beguile,
Their wonders all to tell;
Where Nature, in her proud array,
Attracts the admiring eye,
Where wealth and learning e'er display
Those charms for which we sigh;
Where, too, the truths of gospel grace
Their thousand joys impart,
Sure this was not a dreary place
Repulsive to thy heart?

As o'er this isle your footsteps rove,
Oft praises to command,
Thy native soil you still more love—
Columbia's chosen land.

Hither your tender thoughts oft roam,
To fond ones left behind,
For whom your best affections burn—
Devoted, faithful, kind.
At last arrives the pleasing hour,
When homeward, lo! you sail,
Where friendship waits, in all its power,
Thy safe return to hail.

For that return let thanks arise
Unto Jehovah high,
The great, the good, the just and wise,
On whom our souls rely:
May He thy future steps e'er guide,
'Mid changing joy and gloom,
And with thee to the last abide,
Till resting in thy tomb;—
Here of those joys may you partake,
Which all the happy share,
And from the tomb at last awake
A stranger to all care.

TO A DAUGHTER,

On her Wedding Day.

AND is this, girl, a joyous day
 To thy fond heart?
While all around is bright and gay
 Do no tears start?
Do thy new friends closer appear
Than father, mother, kindred dear,
In whose affections thou shalt share
 For evermore?

Beauty and virtue all are thine—
 Inviting gems—
With faith, and hope, and love divine—
 Bright diadems;
Faith to be lost in rapturous view,
And hope in fond enjoyment, too;
While love, with charms nor small nor few,
 Shall e'er remain.

You now embark, while all is calm,
 On life's broad sea—

The zephyrs sweet, with all their balm,
 Around thee play ;
But soon will cease the breeze so mild,
And then will come the billows wild,
And teach thee, fond, beloved child,
 The woes of life.

But, 'mid these woes, Jesus will save
 Thy trembling soul,
Though wave, in tumult, rise on wave,
 Long, long to roll.
Obedient to His sovereign will,
At His command storms will be still,
Nor e'er return again, until
 They needed are.

Then go, dear girl, and with thee go
 Thy saving friend,
In scenes of bliss and scenes of woe,
 Unto the end ;
Thy guardian angel may he prove,
Yea, thee and thine forever, love,
Till, with the ransomed all above,
 His praise you sing.

TO CATHARINE MATILDA,

An Infant Daughter.

PERHAPS as some sweet, blooming flower,
Delightful to the eye,
Thou wilt remain here but an hour,
Then, in thy beauty, die.

If so, though deep, indeed, my gloom,
Thy beauty is not vain;
In paradise it still shall bloom,
No more to droop again.

But if to threescore years, or more,
Thine age extended be,
I fancy all thy changes o'er,
Thy sorrows and thy glee.

As the bright sun I see thee rise,
Then sink 'mid clouds obscure,
While, lo! again resplendent skies
Thy fondest hopes allure.

Although while here these clouds oft cast
 Their sombre hues around,
Though joys but for a moment last,
 And tears for years abound;

Yet, though the clouds thus rise and swell,
 If light at last shall shine,
The light of grace—all, all is well,
 Nor shall thy soul repine.

AN ACROSTIC.

MILD is the blushing beam of morn,
And bright the dewdrop on the thorn ;
Rich is the opening rosebud's hue,
Gemmed with bright tears of pearly dew,
And sweet is Philomela's strain,
Resounding o'er the woodland plain :
Each charms exalts the poet's soul,
Thou, thou alone canst boast the whole.

Ah! may those joys which life attend,
Dear girl, be thine, till life shall end ;
And may no ills thy peace molest—
May no rude thorn e'er wound thy breast—
So shall thy lover's heart be blest.

TO MISS MARGARET ADAMS.

EXCUSE, dear Margaret, excuse, excuse,
The truant flight of youthful muse,
Unused to wield poetic quill
On Mount Parnassus' rugged hill.
Confined in dismal walls of college,
Which separates all joy from knowledge;
Taught to neglect those little arts
Which please and conquer female hearts,
I hold it wrong to spend my time,
In making love or making rhyme.
Happy I spent each passing day,
And kept sly Cupid still away;
Until at C——'s the urchin sly,
Borne on a glance from your bright eye,
To prove his skill his bow he bent,
And through my heart his arrow sent;
Declared his empire o'er my mind,
And proved himself no longer blind.
'Tis true I tried, but tried in vain,
To pull the arrow out again.

He painted forth your sloe-black eye,
Where all the loves in secret lie—
Your ruby lips, your forehead fair,
Vermillion cheeks, and graceful air,
Your dimpled chin, your breast of snow,
Which melts at tales of other's woe;
And all those graces which combine
Around that graceful form of thine,
Till, charmed with what I saw before,
I gave the dreadful contest o'er.
To Cupid's power I bent my knee,
And placed my future hopes on thee.

THE CHIEF END OF MAN.

SURE, man's chief end is not to rise
To affluence on earth,
To dizzy power, or fame that dies,
Or boast of noble birth?
His aim should be far, far more high,
The Triune God to glorify.

But how this end shall man here gain—
What course shall he pursue—
Lest all his labor be in vain,
Yea more, and fatal, too?
Follow those counsels, those alone,
Which issue from Jehovah's throne.

God has a glory, these confess,
Wherever man may range,
A beauty and a loveliness,
Which never, never change—
That glory let man never dare,
To alter, or in part to share.

But while that glory is the same,
 Another shines below,
Which feeble mortals may inflame,
 Or lessen in its glow—
Strive, strive that glory to increase,
Until thy labors here shall cease.

Let God and His perfections grand,
 His promises sublime,
His works admiring praise command,
 Through changing fleeting time—
Sure, constellations such as these,
Immortal souls must ever please.

These promises, a charter sure
 Of God's exhaustless grace,
Through endless ages must endure,
 The solace of our race :
Without such charter, hopeless gloom
Would ever settle on man's tomb.

Than admiration give God more,
 Let clouds of incense roll,
As you His glorious Name adore,
 With all thy heart and soul—
This, this is what He asks from thee,
Thine homage, full, sincere and free.

This worship is the choicest gem
 In the Redeemer's sight,
That glitters in His diadem,
 All glorious and bright—
With flaming sword He guards it e'er,
And mockers will not, cannot bear.

Yet more than this, to Him impart,
 To Him thy heav'nly friend,
The best affections of thine heart,
 Till life itself shall end—
He asks, and He deserves this love,
And will you e'er ungrateful prove?

Yea, in addition consecrate,
 As at His feet you fall,
The Author of thy mercies great,
 Thy life, thy talents all—
To Him devote each feeble power,
Until thy last, thy closing hour.

Submissive bow unto His will,
 'Mid all thy sighs and tears,
Though sov'reign He is gracious still,
 Will overcome thy fears—
In all thy trials dark, will prove
Thy God, the God of boundless love.

This is the way, the only way,
 'Mid scenes here overcast,
Jehovah's glory to display,
 And live with Him at last;
This is the way all saints have trod—
The way that leads to peace and God.

THE PARSON'S WIG.

A PARSON, as some say,
A wig was known to wear,
Because of the decay,
Upon his head, of hair.
Meeting the eye,
Of hearers round,
Faults they espy,
Which loud resound.

Some said, alas! with rage,
Which fault abroad was rung,
For his declining age
The wig seemed far too young.
White it should be,
White, white alone,
And thus agree
With years well known.

Some said, let it assume
Colors which might impart

A fairer, fresher bloom,
Though all the work of art.
Let it be black,
Or nearly so,
Nor ever lack,
In pleasing show.

Some thought it far too fine,
Made of too costly stuff;
While others, lo! repine,
Because, alas! too rough;—
The parson hears
What heart appals,
And, 'mid his tears,
A council calls.

To those who thus convene,
He says, with tender sighs,
(A most imposing scene,)
To your conclusion wise
I lowly kneel,
Free from all guile,
And with you leave
My wig awhile.

Here, in your wisdom wide,
The matter well con o'er,
And as you shall decide,
So be it evermore.

Long, long they move
This end to gain,
But efforts prove
All, all in vain.

Wisdom at last they learn,
With loss of time and ease,
And to their guide return
His wig, himself to please.
Let Churches all
This course pursue,
In matters small,
Toward pastors true.

TO A BACHELOR.

A FEW directions I would give,
To govern you through life;
And, first of all, sir, do not live
And die without a wife.

Old bachelors the girls all dread;
If such you would not be,
Then now awake, and seek to wed,
E'er thirty years you see.

And, to enjoy this earthly bliss,
Be not, dear sir, too shy;
Nor think that from the smiling kiss
Beauty will ever fly.

Bold, impudent by no means prove,
Though some you thus might please;
But fondly seek to gain fair love,
By free and graceful ease.

In your selection count not pence,
Aim not at shining gold;

Let your Dulcinea have good sense,
A virtue seldom sold.

Let her, too, prove, sir, fond of home,
A much admired trait;
For if she e'er abroad shall roam,
Sure hard will be your fate.

Of wasteful girls be sore afraid,
Far better live alone—
With such a wife, and debts unpaid,
You soon would be undone.

And seek a heart, sir, kind and fond,
A heart devoted, true,
Before you yield to Hymen's bond,
Or you that bond will rue.

And if that heart shall love to bow
Low at the Saviour's throne—
And if His smiles and peace it know,
Then seek that heart to own.

And if thine heart shall be the same,
For Hymen then prepare—
One end will be your mutual aim,
And you a happy pair.

TO MISS MARY HENRY,

Sister-in-law of Gen. Cooper of Albany, whose Country Seat, known as "Guy Park," adjoined my former Residence in Bethlehem.

ACCORDING to promise, to you now I write,
A friend, whom I ever shall prize;
To do so affords, I assure you, delight,
A truth which I cannot disguise.

I recall to my mind the scenes of past years,
With beauty and hope all around;
And though like a dream the past always appears,
Yet there may instruction be found.

The scenes of "Guy Park" were e'er pleasant and gay,
With you and your sisters to cheer;
With all the sweet verdure and flowers of May,
And smiles of fond friendship more dear.

Than that there to me was one dearer place,
Where once I delighted to roam;
Its scenes, with much pleasure, I often retrace,
The scenes of my long-cherished home.

Those scenes ever pleasant, to me and to mine,
Bring you and your sisters to view;
And all those sweet virtues, around you which shine,
Which there, in their lustre, we knew.

Bright virtues, which cannot but comfort impart,
To those who around you are nigh;
Bright virtues, which, while they adorn here the heart,
Will flourish, in beauty, on high.

'Mid scenes, bright and new, we sincerely regret
The absence of all whom we love;
And here the three sisters we cannot forget,
Wherever on earth we may rove.

Like you, in all friendship we wish to be true,
Though storms, and though tempests assail;
And when to each other we here bid adieu,
To meet where our hopes never fail.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY,

On the Subject of Matrimony.

NEXT to the solemn vow that binds
The soul to God Most High,
None so important to our minds
As the fond marriage tie;—
It exercises wide control
O'er all our prospects here;
With pleasing hope it lights the soul,
Or darkens it with fear.
To joy or woe it quickly leads—
The heart will cheer or break;
And hence, e'er prayer and counsel needs
Before its vows we take.
Then be not hasty, dearest friend,
In forming such a bond,
But often to Jehovah send
Your invocations fond.

As in your confidence I share,
Fond counsels I impart,
And with them you, I trust, will bear,
As from an honest heart.

Though charms of person ever please,
Make not such charms the test,
Nor manners full of grace and ease,
As picture of the breast;
Nor let proud wealth assume the throne,
Though millions to it bow,
For riches, sure, can ne'er atone
For vice and all its woe;—
Let industry and virtue shine
In variegated hue,
And Christian graces all combine
In thy admirer true.

And if thy hand he fondly gain,
And heart with heart unite,
Thy fairest prospects are not vain,
In which you now delight;
Though riches you may not possess,
In want may sometimes roam,
Your purest joys are not the less,
Nor darker your fond home.
These clouds of darkness which thus lower,
Will soon, yea soon, all cease;
And then will come that blissful hour,
When naught shall reign but peace.

A WIFE'S ANXIETY

For the Spiritual Welfare of her Husband.

JEHOVAH, Jesus, come and bless
My spouse, who cannot see
The joys of those who know Thy name,
Who worship only Thee—
Lovely Jesus,
May he to Thy bosom flee.

Sincerely there his guilt confess,
Before in wrath thou swear,
He ne'er shall dwell around Thy throne,
Nor in Thy glory share—
Gracious Jesus,
Wilt thou make his soul thy care?

O, interpose, or he is lost,
For man can ne'er reclaim
The rebel who Thy law defies,
Who glories in his shame—
Mighty Jesus,
May he love and praise Thy Name.

Come, truly make now bare Thine arm,
Send, send Thy Spirit down,
To dwell within his deathless soul,
That he Thy cause may own—
 Holy Jesus,
May he not be left alone.

O lead him through this barren world,
Its changes, till he die;
Then may he rest upon Thine arm,
Then mount to realms on high—
 Faithful Jesus,
On Thy Word I will rely.

TO MRS. MARGARET DEMOT,

Of Bergen, N. J., and her Associates, congratulating them on their Success in procuring an Organ for the R. D. Church under the care of the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Taylor.

Most happy I am to see your fond zeal
In aiding immortals below,
Though it but only assistance reveal,
While here, unto sickness and woe.

Yet more so, indeed, yea, far more, to see
Your efforts in tenderness rise,
For the welfare of whate'er precious must be,
The welfare of what never dies.

The thanks of the Church, dear ladies, are due,
The Church to which you belong,
For the gift of an organ, and, chiefly to you,
To swell their fond anthem and song.

Such music on earth has ever been dear,
Eiating and charming the soul;

And will, in the future, as pleasing appear,
As ages on ages shall roll.

By music like this, Jehovah here sways
The soul in its darkness of night,
Expanding it oft beneath His bright rays
With feelings of faith and delight.

If but one soul, through this organ, be brought
To Jesus, in faith and in love,
Your labors here wonders, yea wonders have wrought,
As ages eternal will prove.

A WIFE'S ADDRESS TO HER HUSBAND,

After a Long Separation.

HAIL, friend of my bosom! from danger delivered,
To visit once more the fond scenes of thy home;
May we for the future no longer be severed,
Nor yield to the wish from each other to roam.

Hail, friend of my bosom! I love thee most dearly,
Thy goodness and virtue I greatly admire;
As long as life lasts I cannot forget thee,
The friend of my bosom and height of my care.

In childhood my parents were carried away,
To mingle their ashes with those who have gone
To the regions where clouds never darken the day,
Nor sin interrupts the worshipper's song.

Their bliss could not ease me, the child of dejection,
I wandered afar in this sorrow of heart;
Until I became the child of contrition,
And Jesus was pleased His joys to impart.

Then friend of my bosom you came to me smiling,
And offered in love your fortune to share;
My heart was rejoiced and, without my declining,
I bowed at the altar allegiance to swear.

I was not deceived, all your vows were sincere,
To add to my bliss was your principal aim;
Thy truth, sir, has tended, and will tend, to endear
Thy person and all that of thee I can name.

Then hasten once more to the friend of thy bosom,
Here let us abide nor e'er wander from home;
Till Jesus shall come in His glory to welcome,
Our souls to those mansions His mercy hath won.

INFLUENCE OF THE GOSPEL ON WOMEN.

WHERE Gospel light is e'er unknown,
 Poor woman is a slave ;
 While man, proud man, sits on his throne,
 A despot and a knave.

He listens not to tears or sighs—
 No eloquence have they ;
 While she, alas ! until she dies,
 His mandates must obey.

To die—how pleasing to her view—
 She longs for her release ;
 Yea, longs to earth to bid adieu,
 Where bonds thus vile shall cease.

Behold her on some savage isle,
 Wherever you may please ;
 There she to man, degraded, vile,
 Must sacrifice all ease.

Or see her on some pagan shore,
Or 'neath Mahomet's light;
There, though her beauty men adore,
Her hopes they proudly blight.

From north to south, from east to west,
She e'er a slave must prove,
Till Gospel light pervades man's breast,
O'erflowing it with love.

Where'er these rays of love now shine,
In all their lovely grace,
Woman, as man, appears divine,
Exalted to her place.

In childhood's early, pleasing morn,
She plants within the soul
Those principles which life adorn,
And all man's ways control.

She may propel, or may restrain
Man's passions as they rise;
Vast and unbounded is her reign,
Extending to the skies.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

“Follow thou me.”

DECEPTIVE suitors seek to gain
Our fond affections here ;
Nor are their efforts always vain,
A truth, alas! too clear.
Ambition, Mammon, Pleasure, all
Allure us with their smile,
Till at their altar, lo! we fall,
Their worshippers awhile ;
But solid peace our grasp e'er flies,
Though we devoted are ;
And smiling hope within us dies,
Succeeded by despair.
How different those whose souls rejoice
In Him they cannot see,
E'er listening to His gracious voice
To all, “Come, follow me.”
Follow thou me before too late,
Ere dust returns to dust ;
Now, now upon my promise wait,
Now in thy Saviour trust.

Follow thou me, in morals high,
In my exalted worth—
For this mine image truly sigh,
Man's glory while on earth.
With this it matters not how poor,
Or lowly be thy place,
Thou hast a name that shall endure,
Memorial of my grace.
Follow thou me in doing good,
E'en to thy bitter foe ;
For this I lived, yea, gave my blood,
For rebels in their woe.
Cast tenderly thine eye around,
On sufferers day by day,
And let thy sympathies abound
To chase their cares away—
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
The slave from chains release ;
The heathen from dumb idols lead,
To God and lasting peace.
Nature sublime her lessons gives,
Which mortal man should heed—
For others, not for self she lives,
For others in their need.
The verdant field, the blooming flower,
Their fragrance all profuse,
The limpid stream, refreshing shower,
Are all for others' use.

Let doing good be e'er thine aim,
Nor wearied ever prove—
Thus to the world aloud proclaim,
That all thy heart is love;
And thou shalt have a source within,
Of pure and lasting joy,
Which earthly prowess ne'er can win,
Nor earthly skill destroy.
Follow thou me, unto my throne,
In each relation true,
And angels shall thy wisdom own,
As they thy glories view.

TO A YOUNG LADY WEEPING OVER A NOVEL.

THOSE burning tears, dear girl, forbear,
For why thus idly should they flow?
Sure, here is seen enough of care
Without fictitious forms of woe.

On fancy's wing you need not soar
To blanch thy glowing, roseate cheek;
The actual ills of life con o'er,
These, these thy tender heart may break.

Nor are they with the cot alone,
Though poverty therein may reign;
Their atmosphere is round the throne,
Nor tears, e'en there, canst thou restrain.

Though honors, riches, pleasures, here
Surround the winding path we tread;
Yet who forgets the corpse, the bier,
The silent ashes of the dead?

God gives, and, lo! He takes away
The souls in whom we fondly trust;
We, too, the mandate must obey,
All, all at last return to dust.

Survey that widow in her gloom—
Those orphans—hear their tender sighs,
All bending o'er the insatiate tomb
Where husband, father, lowly lies.

With their sad tears yours freely blend
O'er the dark grave, there let them fall—
This is of mortal man the end,
Of earth, its treasures, glories, all.

And let thy tears more freely roll,
As ruins greater meet thine eye—
The condemnation of the soul—
“The soul that sinneth, it shall die.”

NAOMI.

*"I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again
empty."*—Ruth, i. 21.

To other lands with buoyant heart,
Mankind afar or nigh,
Alone or with their friends, depart
Where fancied treasures lie.
No terrors cloud the wide-spread sea,
Thither, thither can they flee,
With hopes exceeding high ;
But soon obscure become their skies,
And o'er departed joys each sighs.

Thus Naomi forsakes her home,
By famine made all sere,
'Mid Moab's fertile fields to roam,
A fortune new to rear.
But years, alas, their changes bring,
Lo ! riches soon have taken wing,
Yea, husband, children dear ;
And she in want, sad want once more,
Would seek her fond, her native shore.

Her friends, as she in sight appears,
 Behold her with amaze;
 A different aspect now she wears,
 A different heart displays.
 "Can this be she whom once we knew,
 So fair, so lovely in our view,
 In look, in word, in ways?—
 What! Naomi, who, far and wide,
 Was once her country's rising pride?"

"Why call me Naomi this day,
 My heart afresh to wound?
 Since cheerfulness has passed away,
 And sorrows deep abound,
 Mara, Mara becomes me best,
 A stranger now to joy and rest,
 A more congenial sound:
 Full I went out, devoid of pain—
 Empty, alas, return again.

"Return unto my native land.
 In deep, abiding woe,
 To recognize that sovereign hand
 Which thus hath brought me low.
 The fearful waves which round me roll
 Are all beneath divine control,
 To which I humbly bow;—
 The Lord, although the heart He break,
 His children never can forsake.

“The Lord hath brought me; ’twas His will,
And shall I dare repine?
No, let my aching heart be still,
And on His Word recline.
He cannot do but what is right,
Though dark and dreary be the night
His face again will shine,
And I in grateful songs shall own
The care and wisdom of His throne.”

Like Naomi, let Christians feel,
Wherever they shall dwell,
As rising clouds dark storms reveal,
The Lord doth all things well.
Although our mountain now be strong,
Changes unto us all belong,
Their sorrows deep to tell—
Our friends, our riches, and our power,
All, all depart as in an hour.

They oft are torn from our embrace,
In overflowing love,
That we may seek renewing grace
With all its joys above;
Whene’er they lead unto the cross
A blessing is each passing loss,
Though idols it remove;—
A treasure, yea, the scourging rod,
If thus it lead to peace and God.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

THE Israelites were truly dear
Unto the Lord their God,
As by His wondrous acts appear,
His mercies and His rod ;
From Egypt's bonds He sets them free,
Dividing, quick as thought, the sea,
That they may pass dry shod ;—
Then, for them, in their thirst and woe,
From granite rocks makes waters flow.

When hungry, manna reigns from heaven,
To their astonished gaze,
While to their wandering feet is given
His hand to guide their ways ;
A cloud by day is their delight,
Fondly to shield from sun so bright,
Its piercing, scorching rays ;—
By night a fire, that they might view,
In all its turns, their pathway true.

Amid these wonders of His hand,
 Occurring day by day,
Which should their grateful songs command,
 Their praises die away ;
While, 'mid their darkness, they rejoice,
In acts not only, but in voice,
 Loud murmurs to display ;—
No wonder, then, that judgments come,
In all their overwhelming gloom.

Now, fiery serpents fly around,
 Who, by their poisonous sting,
Leave many a rankling, mortal wound,
 The tender heart to wring ;
The world is vain—and, in their need,
With Moses now they intercede,
 That he his prayers would wing
To God, that He, their gracious friend,
A healing balm in time would send.

Jehovah listens to this prayer,
 The breathings of the soul,
Bidding his servant to prepare
 A serpent on the pole ;
A brazen serpent to raise high,
That all, who thither cast their eye,
 By His supreme control,
Might from their foul disease arise
To praise their Saviour in the skies.

¶

Thus raised on high is Christ our Lord,
In all His gracious power,
That He salvation may afford
To man in darkest hour ;
He is our only refuge, hope,
And if by faith on Him we look,
Though sins like mountains tower,
Their cry for vengeance all is vain,
Yea, though they cry again, again.

The infidel, in sullen mood,
With pride, too, in his air,
Asks, Why the serpent, why the blood,
Why means like these prepare ?
The bleeding wounds could he not cure,
The sinner, too, make whole and pure,
And all these means forbear ?
We answer, He has deemed them best,
And on His wisdom man should rest.

The brazen serpent shadows forth,
In colors strong, divine,
The Saviour, in His boundless worth,
On whom our souls recline ;—
His sufferings, His expiring breath,
His resurrection after death,
And glories which shall shine
In all their splendor round His head,
When earthly grandeurs long have fled.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

THE world now Newton praise,
With Morse and Fulton, too;
And will till time decays,
To whom high praise is due—
The stars they count,
Propel by steam,
Distance surmount—
Once all a dream.

But what are these great names,
Though here they fame secure,
To that which first proclaims
A school for children poor?—
A Sabbath School
For those unknown,
In time to rule
Each royal throne.

The name of Robert Raikes
Will live through coming time,

While he the world awakes
From slumber—name sublime—
 Will live on earth—
 Will live on high—
In all its worth,
 Ne'er, ne'er to die.

To Sabbath Schools we owe
A debt we ne'er can pay,
For blessings rich below,
 Yea, for eternal day—
 Our children brought
 Within their pale,
Are lessons taught
 Which cannot fail.

To guide their tender morn
In paths of joy and peace,
And future years adorn,
 Till changes here shall cease—
 At least they tend,
 When pure they are,
Unto this end,
 Through faith and prayer.

How many lights, which shine
Both near and far abroad,
Were, 'neath their rays divine,
 First brought to worship God?

Now in the field
Of Church and state,
They truly wield
An influence great.

How many thus will rise,
This influence to swell,
Nor man nor angels wise
Can ever, ever tell;—
They shall increase,
While suns shall roll,
Nor ever cease
To bless the soul.

Then let the Church, with zeal,
And faith, and holy love,
To men on earth reveal,
As well as hosts above,
A firm resolve
To cherish here,
Till worlds dissolve,
These schools so dear.

A PUBLIC PRAYER.

UNCREATED, eternal spring
Of being, in each varied hue,
To thee our off'rings frail we bring,
Of faith and gratitude anew.
Angels, archangels, round Thy throne,
And ransomed spirits pure and bright,
Thy boundless goodness ever own,
In songs of rapture and delight.
And shall our bosoms, Lord, not heave
With fervent praise and holy fear—
Of love, no fond memorials leave,
As at thine altars we appear?

We join the countless hosts of heaven,
With millions here of our own race,
In praising Thee for mercies given,
Especially Thy truth and grace;—
These Thy perfections harmonize,
In all their glorious, priceless worth,
Through the atoning sacrifice
Of Jesus, God and man on earth.

Justice and mercy now combine,
In listening to the sinner's prayer,
And ever will in splendor shine,
As in Thy plaudits he shall share.

In Thine image, with souls enlarged,
We were created free from guile,
Nobly our duty e'er discharged,
Till Satan, with angelic smile,
Lured us from innocence and Thee—
From Thee, the source of every good,
Constraining us afar to flee,
Where o'er our evils we might brood;
And from Thee we had e'er remained
But for Thy word, that woman's seed
(Which from despair our souls sustained)
Should early bruise the serpent's head.

Thy special blessing we implore,
(Nor are our prayers, we trust, mere sound,)
Upon a numerous class, the poor,
Who always with us, Lord, are found.
They have in Thee a powerful friend,
Benevolent, and just, and wise,
To whom their interests we commend,
Nor wilt Thou e'er our prayer despise.
The poor, not only as to time,
But as to merit, poor in soul,

Who fain aspire to joys sublime,
Which earth, vain earth, can ne'er control.

So for the rich we also pray,
Who need the prayers of Christians all,
Lest, 'mid their pomp and vain display,
Their souls to ruin sadly fall.
Thousands, yea, millions here below,
Have fallen thus, and, all through wealth,
Have gone to scenes of endless woe,
And millions more will after death.
Then cast, O Lord! a pitying eye
Upon the rich, in their sad state;
Nor let them on their wealth rely,
But on Thy mercy, rich and great.

For those possessing honor, power,
(While bowing lowly at Thy feet,)
Bright gems, which perish in an hour,
Thy benediction we entreat;
Let not the flatt'ries of the proud,
Who oft their smiles and influence crave,
Those subjects from their bosoms crowd,
Which tend to joys beyond the grave;
But with these honors on their brow,
Which fade, alas! as morning dream,
O may they at Thy footstool bow,
And give to Thee their love supreme.

May those who bear the Christian name,
Thy fond disciples, onward press,
To all around in acts proclaim
Thy precious truth and righteousness.
E'er may their light the brighter shine,
As they advance in days and years,
That others may on Thee recline,
(Through them,) in all their doubts and fears.
And when they bid to earth adieu,
To friends and kindred say farewell,
O! may the fond, delightful view
Of heavenly bliss their bosoms swell.

Thy ministering servants, Lord, inspire
With holy influence from above,
Yea, touch their hearts with coals of fire
From the pure altar of Thy love;
And as their number now is small,
That number wilt Thou fain increase,
That heathen, Jews and Turks, yea, all,
May seek, through Christ, eternal peace.
Thus may Christ's glorious light expand
Throughout the world, from shore to shore,
Till every people, every land,
The God of Israel shall adore.

Thus for the world we importune
Thy saving light, both far and near;

For all (Thou knowest, Lord, how soon)
Before thy sceptre must appear,
There, there to hear the welcome, Come,
Come, come, thou faithful and thou blessed,
Unto thy Father's glorious home,
Thy home, thine everlasting rest;
Or, quick depart unto the realms
Where midnight darkness sadly reigns,
And guilt the bosom overwhelms
With never-dying, torturing pains.

THE UNREASONABLENESS

Of the Sinner's Complaints under his Afflictions.

WHY should a living man complain,
A man of reason, too,
That evils o'er him sadly reign,
Evils, nor small nor few?—
Why should he blame the Lord Most High,
Though here he suffer, here he die?

If he would only look within,
Examine well his heart,
He soon would see the fountain (sin)
Of all his ills, and start;—
From sin, alas! these evils flow,
His sighs, his tears, yea, all his woe.

Among the angels round God's throne,
E'en to the present hour,
Who naught but holiness have known,
No clouds of sorrow lower;—
Nor can such clouds e'er mar their skies,
For sin can never there arise.

Among the saints, the just above,
No tear is ever shed,
Save that of sympathy and love,
For their great cov'nant head,—
The tear of joy o'er sceptres there,
Which they in all their glory wear.

Just in proportion as man soars,
Obtaining here release
From sin, the Lord Jehovah pours
The light of joy and peace
Into his throbbing, panting breast,
Till he obtain eternal rest.

Why should a living man complain,
Against his Lord and King,
Because of sorrows, and of pain,
When these so often bring,
Beneath Jehovah's kind control,
Pardon and peace unto his soul?

So with the Prodigal, it seems,
His destitution, gloom,
Combined to wake him from his dreams
Of peace, while far from home—
From home there is no peace he learns,
Hence, hence a penitent returns.

So with the king Manasseh proud,
Who over Judah reigned
In blood—evils around him crowd,
Till he through them obtained
Gracious forgiveness from his God,
Which made e'en dear to him the rod.

So, too, with others all around,
Whom daily we may see,
In sufferings they here abound,
That they to Christ may flee—
Their trials they in faith endure,
And thus eternal life secure.

Why should a living man complain,
Or sullen ever stand,
Amid his tears, if he thus gain
A crown at God's right hand?—
Does not the blessing which God sends,
For all his trials make amends?

TO MISS MARIA EGBERTS,

Formerly of Coeymans, Albany Co.

UNTO your sister please convey
My sympathy profound,
Whose friends, alas! have passed away,
Her tender heart to wound.

Father, husband, sister, too,
Yea, children all save one,
To scenes below have bid adieu,
Where long they brightly shone.

At least amid their kindred dear,
By whom they were beloved;
Nor now less bright do they appear,
Though far, yea far removed.

But still their absence leaves a space,
Which nothing can supply,
Save, save the riches of that grace,
Which God will ne'er deny.

Unto the humble, contrite soul,
Which supplicates the same,
And ventures all its cares to roll
In faith upon His name.

Those riches may you all here share,
Your hearts to cheer, sustain,
That trials well you each may bear,
Till death shall prove your gain.

INTEMPERANCE.

BENEATH divine control,
A just and awful doom
Awaits the immortal soul
By whom offences come—
Unless it share,
As acts shall prove,
Through faith and prayer,
Forgiving love.

Amid offences here,
Which o'er our pathway crowd,
None greater, sure, appear,
Or call for aid more loud,
Than those which tend,
'Mid passing joy,
Our souls to rend,
Yea, e'en destroy.

Here, oft the smiling glass,
Alloyed with poison sad,

Around is seen to pass,
Till thousands, lo! are mad—
Wives, husbands part,
Fond children rave,
Nor love nor art
From death can save.

But for this poison rank,
These might have brightly shone,
The honor of their rank,
Whom all would proudly own;—
But now the smile
Of friends no more
Their paths beguile,
While peace is o'er.

These changes, who can see
Repeated day by day,
So full of misery,
Nor sad regret display?—
Who can behold
These pictures true,
And yet withhold
His tears anew?

But more than all around
Should those shed bitter tears,
Who tempters here are found,
In youth as well as years;—

Their gates who ope,
Or sumptuous rooms,
Destroying hope,
And filling tombs.

Let man to thought arise,
Amid these scenes below,
In word and act be wise,
Checking this tide of woe—
By means the best,
Which facts reveal,
Lest in his breast
That tide he feel.

Nor let his soul find peace,
Though he has stemmed this tide,
Till efforts shall increase,
Expanding far and wide,
This end to gain,
From shore to shore,
And temp'rance reign
For evermore.

DAVID'S ATTACHMENT TO THE HOUSE OF GOD.

"I had rather be a doorkeeper in the House of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."—Psalm lxxxiv. 10.

E'ER give me in the house of grace
 The lowest or the meanest place,
 Rather than in the house of sin
 The highest honors man can win,
 Says David, king on Israel's throne,
 Where glories in their splendor shone.
 And who that hears does not admire
 This humble, holy, fond desire?—
 The ark, the tables, Aaron's rod,
 Emblems of Jehovah, God,
 Of His benignance, truth, and love,
 His gracious presence from above,
 To David's soul were far more dear
 Than diadems that princes wear;
 Hence, when compelled abroad to roam,
 He longs for his religious home,
 Not for his regal, splendid power,
 A meteor dazzling for an hour,

But for the House of God, his Friend,
 Where Christian graces sweetly blend.
 And when upon his throne once more,
 His God he still would fain adore,
 Affording pleasures far more high
 Than all those honors here which die,
 In solitude his heart returns
 Unto the house where incense burns;
 And, when among the rich and great,
 Upon Jehovah still would wait,
 Rejoiced to hear his friends all say,
 Come, let us keep the holy day,
 Unto God's altar quick repair,
 That in His smiles our souls may share.
 Where'er he was, at home, abroad,
 Still, still he longs to worship God,
 Sincerely in His house to bow
 In faith and adoration low;
 There, there direct his ardent prayers
 To Him who for His children cares,
 Imploring blessings which shall last
 When earth and all its joys are past.
 "House of my God," where Jacob lies,
 With stone beneath—above, the skies—
 Where consolations sweet are given:
 The house of God, the gate of heaven,
 Or hill of Zion—where Israel meet
 Their King and fathers' God to greet;

Or later temples in their pride,
 Swelling their praises far and wide;
 Where priests and princes oft convene—
 Most splendid and imposing scene—
 Where Simeon takes, 'mid outward charms,
 The infant Saviour in his arms,
 Bidding, with joy, to earth farewell,
 'Mid higher glories soon to dwell.
 "House of my God," the buildings now
 Where saints record the holy vow,
 Where ministers the truth proclaim
 Aloud in their Redeemer's name,
 Arising, as by magic wand,
 Throughout the borders of our land,
 Which saints and angels cannot fail
 In holy gratitude to hail.
 The infidel his lips may curl,
 And at this house his weapons hurl—
 May talk of superstition, guile,
 At ignorance rank may freely smile;
 Thither, with all my soul, I flee,
 There, only there, true glory see.
 "House of my God"—the open air,
 Broad temple, truly grand and fair,
 Where, while around we cast the eye,
 Wonders on wonders multiply,
 Until, as worshippers, we fall
 Before that hand which made them all.

“House of my God”—the house above,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love—
Where Jesus, 'mid His rays divine,
In glory shall for ever shine,
Purchased by His own precious blood,
For sinners neither wise nor good.
Sure, in this house, the least employ
Must give the purest, highest joy,
While all the glory sin imparts
Leave us to die with bleeding hearts.

ADDRESS TO A CONGREGATION,

At the Installation of their Pastor.

YOUR pastor's duties here,
Nor need you once ask why,
Momentous, vast, appear
To God and angels high—
As he, in love,
Shall here go forth,
His toils must prove
Your life or death.

To each endearing home,
Within his past'ral bounds,
He oft, yea oft will roam,
With sympathizing sounds—
To weep awhile,
'Mid scenes all sad,
Or, lo! to smile,
When hearts are glad.

As you in age shall grow,
Your sons and daughters fond,
Unto the marriage vow,
Its solemn, sacred bond—
Will kindly lead,
For whom in prayer,
Parents shall plead
With anxious care.

To God, the Father great,
To Son and Holy Ghost,
He oft will consecrate
The ones you here love most—
In tender years
Their steps will guide,
That they in years
May prove your pride.

Amid your tears and sighs,
Your deep, o'erwhelming gloom,
The friends you fondly prize
Will follow to the tomb—
There leave cold dust
Awhile to sleep,
Till God the just,
Their slumbers break.

And now he asks a part
Of your affections true—

Not undivided heart,
To God that e'er is due—
 That kindness grant,
 And with it give,
As he may want,
 The means to live.

THE INFINITE VALUE OF THE SOUL.

ASK angels, who in glory live
Beneath divine control,
Freely their estimate to give
Of the immortal soul;—
In all their flights o'er this vain earth,
From Eden to this hour,
They sing aloud its matchless worth,
Its vast, undying power.
Those songs oft fell, in olden time,
Melodious on the ear,
Yea, doubtless now, in notes sublime,
Are swelling far and near.

Ask Satan, once a spirit pure,
But fiend malignant now,
His boasted views—and, to allure,
He comes with smiling brow;—
Bids us our terrors cast aside,
On dismal shades ne'er dwell—
In all our pleasures to deride,
As dreams, the pains of hell.

Beside the soul—all, all is dross,
Not worthy of his aim :
He knows its value by its loss
And everlasting shame.

Ask the Creator of us all
Its value to unfold—
He made the soul, before its fall,
As pure as virgin gold :
He says, though worlds on worlds men gain,
Losers, yea fools, they are,
Unless at last with God they reign,
In all His glories share.
For this the Saviour bleeds and dies,
Yea, sends His spirit, too ;
And shall proud mortals ne'er be wise
In their Redeemer's view ?

Ask sinners with a bleeding heart,
As o'er their sins they mourn,
With what their spirits here would part,
To whom on wings return—
From sin, their dire, malignant foe,
Which reigns within the breast,
They fain would fly, with all its woe,
To Jesus, as their rest.
No other treasure now they crave,
No idol else adore ;

If He but deign their souls to save,
• They ask for nothing more.

Ask spirits writhing in their chains,
 'Mid scenes of wrath and woe,
Where terror dark all frantic reigns,
 What of its worth they know;—
Its value, they at once reply,
 Transcends bold fancy's flight,
And mad are they who dare to die
 The heirs of endless night,
While Jesus all His boundless love
 Would to their souls display,
Translate them to those realms above,
 Where light ne'er fades away.

CONTENTMENT.

NOT angels, once, as sadly known,
Contentment could display :
Jehovah must be overthrown—
And they assume the sway.

So, too, in Eden—void of care—
With robes from taint all free,
Our parents brighter crowns must wear,
As God omniscient see.

E'er since that dark, forbidding hour,
There has been no release
From discontent, in all its power,
Nor will its reign soon cease.

The laborer regrets, indeed,
His calling as too low ;
Another berth might free from need,
From irksome toil and woe.

The artisan now deeply sighs,
O'er all depressing fears,

Longs, longs with all his soul to rise,
To scenes where joy appears.

To love of change the merchant yields,
Views farmer with delight;
His herds, his streams, his verdant fields,
His sweet repose at night.

Lawyer, physician, and divine,
Oft sigh for fond retreat;
Though fortune now may brightly shine,
Though smiles their pathway greet.

The poor oft murmur and complain,
In all their swelling pride;
Think competence they here should gain,
Or with the rich divide.

The rich are full of discontent,
As mammon they adore;
On thousands, millions now are bent,
Then thousands, millions more.

Jonah, although a prophet high,
His gourd could not forget,
At its sad loss, he fain would die,
Die in a sullen pet.

Ahab, a great, a mighty man,
By Naboth's vineyard stood,
Adopting in his heart a plan,
To gain it e'en by blood.

Rachel sheds tears with broken heart,
Imploring this one boon,
With other blessings fain would part,
Could she have children soon.

Thus is it with the world around,
Whatever age we view,
But few exceptions can be found,
A choice, a noble few.

As cisterns their supplies withhold,
These to the spring e'er run ;
As stars no more their light unfold,
These bask beneath the sun :

The moralist, content awhile,
May all complaints repress,
But cannot, like the Christian, smile,
Yea, glory in distress.

Paul knew, whate'er his lot on earth,
It for the best would prove,
Far, far exceeding all his worth,
His faith, devotion, love.

Though waves of sorrow cross his breast,
Or all be calm and still;
He on this truth can firmly rest,
God will His Word fulfil.

No outward form or pomp can bring
True joy unto the soul;
Contentment is its secret spring,
Beneath divine control.

This grace, O Lord, in me implant,
In all its vigor green,
That in abundance, or in want,
Its virtues may be seen.

REJOICE.

*Our Country called upon to rejoice each returning Anniversary
of her Independence.*

REJOICE, O happy land, rejoice!

Thy stars and stripes display;
Re-echo loud thy cheerful voice

On this auspicious day—
July the Fourth, which brings to view
Thy conflicts and thy triumphs, too.

Rejoice in that Almighty Power,
Which vanquished soon thy foe,
And in a sad, desponding hour
Made patriot hearts to glow,
Throughout thy borders, far and wide,
With fervent gratitude and pride.

Rejoice in what the world admire,
Thy constitution grand,
All that the wisest could desire,
The bulwark of our land—
Suited by all its guards sublime,
For our defence till latest time.

Rejoice, for since thy glorious birth
To independence rare,
No boasting nations on this earth
With thee could once compare—
Thy morning beams far, far outshone,
In splendor, any earthly throne.

Rejoice, for here none bow or kneel
To royal despot high;
All, all the joys of Freedom feel,
For which they fain would die—
All dearer to their hearts than gold,
Or glitt'ring gems, a thousandfold.

Rejoice, here no eternal debt
In gloom hangs o'er thy head,
Never of mental rays bereft,
In prudence thou art led—
The wealth within thee, though but dust,
Is in thy view a sacred trust.

Rejoice, thy joy aloud proclaim,
For Zion here is free;
No Church in form, no Church in name,
Her country's choice can be—
Our government, in wisdom sure,
Would equal rights to all ensure.

Rejoice, here all may freely sit,
Whate'er their form or face,

To worship God as they deem fit,
The God of boundless grace—
Ready at all times to bestow
His smiles on worshippers below.

Rejoice, rejoice then with thy soul,
As this fond day returns ;
That here, beneath divine control,
The fire of Freedom burns—
Praying that it may burn until
The world entire its flames shall fill.

CHRISTMAS.

SHEPHERDS were lost in wild surprise,
When here, amid their guilt and sighs,
An angel from the living God
Around their path in glory trod;—
An angel herald to declare
To Bethlehem their morning star:—
“Shepherds, your fears I now allay,
For unto you is born this day,
A Saviour whom the world shall own
As God’s co-equal mighty Son.”

Lo! spirits pure leave realms above,
To mingle in this scene of love;
In sweetest strains they all rejoice,
While vales re-echo to their voice
A truly sweet, enchanting song,
And such as to these hosts belong:—
“Glory to God, who always reigns,
Glory to God in highest strains;
Good will and peace to mortals be,
Lasting as all eternity.”

Gentiles and Jews were lost in sin,
With clouds without and clouds within ;
All, all was darkness and despair,
Yea, wretchedness sat brooding there,
Till Bethlehem's star in splendor came,
Then guilt, with its pollution, shame,
Could hide its head—and man could feel,
Though once his heart were hard as steel,
The joys which flow from sin's release,
The joys of pardon and of peace.

I ope thy annals here on earth,
I trace thee from thy humble birth—
Thy varied conflicts, tears and sighs,
Thy bitter cross and agonies ;
I see the flames of hell decline,
I see Thy throne in glory shine,
I count Thy mighty triumphs o'er,
And as I count I love thee more.

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE AFTER DEATH.

IN folly thousands mourn,
O'er human life as vain,
Because to dust some turn,
Ere they their ends can gain—
And in despair
All duties fly,
Nor laurels wear
On earth, on high.

But dust is not the end
Of thoughts which sway the soul,
With future thoughts they blend,
The future to control;—
Though low men sleep,
Beneath the sod,
They often speak
Aloud for God.

Thus Watts and Cowper sing,
In all their charming power,

And will their pæans wing
To earth's remotest hour—
And Bunyan, too,
Through ages wide,
Will rise to view,
The pilgrim's guide.

Yea, hosts, though in the grave,
Shall gospel triumphs swell,
Shall precious souls yet save,
From darkness, sin, and hell—
Like suns shall shine,
Like fountains flow,
With gifts divine
For all below.

Though lowly men here move,
Amid the great and wise,
They still may useful prove,
Their deeds immortal rise—
To spread abroad,
Throughout the earth,
A Saviour's word,
A Saviour's worth.

THE EFFECTS OF OUR SAVIOUR'S ASCENSION

Upon His immediate Disciples.

Joy beamed from each disciple's face,
In playful smiles serenely shone,
When Jesus, in His boundless grace,
Ascended to His Father's throne.
Why such swelling joy display,—
Ye fond disciples, can ye tell?—
Nay, why not yield to fear, dismay,
When saying to your Lord, farewell?
When here we close the dying eyes
Of those whom we sincerely love,
Our tears in sad profusion rise,
Our mournful prayers ascend above,—
Or when from us our kindred part,
Intending o'er the world to roam,
Who does not feel a sinking heart,
As thus they leave their friends and home?
Yet when disciples say adieu
To Jesus, than their souls more dear,
As, lo! He rises from their view,
No lamentations do we hear.

The scene does not their hearts appal,
Though they shall see Him here no more;
Nay, on the ground they prostrate fall,
Their Lord ascending to adore—
Then hasten with exceeding joy,
His bright ascension to proclaim.
While all their talents they employ,
In spreading forth His glorious Name.
In cheerful songs is heard their voice,
In melodies delightful, pure,
While with the angels they rejoice,
In triumphs that shall e'er endure.

OUR SAVIOUR'S ASCENSION.

JESUS His mighty power displays,
Triumphing o'er the tomb,
And yet remains for forty days
'Mid scenes of changing gloom;—
Why here remain? say, Jesus, why—
Why not ascend at once on high?

Why not ascend unto Thy throne,
There, there commence Thy reign;
When here Thy glorious work was done,
Why still on earth remain?—
The reasons time can ne'er efface,
They flow from rich and boundless grace.

He here remained, that He might show,
When clouds around us lower,
That he had not a single foe
But yielded to His power;—
He, He who triumphed o'er the grave,
From what can He not rescue, save?

Had He ascended to the skies,
When first He left the dead,
Suspicious might, as clouds, arise,
That friends with Him had fled—
Had fled with His remains away,
To fill opposers with dismay.

If with a single interview
His friends He here had blessed,
The proofs had been, indeed, but few,
His triumph to attest;—
If only once He had been seen,
In darkness still all, all had been.

Suppose that we a friend should see,
By us consigned to dust,
Excited, we from him might flee,
Nor senses even trust—
And in our swelling joy or fear,
A dream to us it might appear.

But if that friend should oft repeat
This vision to our eyes,
His presence we should learn to greet,
Without the least surprise—
And of the fact we proof should find
To satisfy and cheer the mind.

Thus e'er to scatter fear and doubt,
And light around to pour,
The Saviour went with friends about,
Was seen nine times or more;—
Five hundred witnesses agree,
Who all at once the Saviour see.

Jesus would also thus dispel
The darkness of His death,
And in plain converse fully tell
Why He resigned His breath—
That they to others, in His Name,
These glorious wonders might proclaim.

Now, now on Olivet they stand,
With fond, confiding heart,
As, lo! the season is at hand
When friends and Christ must part;—
As each fond heart the Lord adores,
Upon them all He blessings pours.

Angelic hosts with joy prepare
A cloud of silvery hue,
While, lo! He rises in the air
From friends devoted, true—
'Mid regions of unclouded light,
Far he ascends, far out of sight.

From Olivet, that sacred hill,
Where Jesus oft had sighed,
And where, His mission to fulfil,
He, too, had bled and died—
He now ascends, His Name to prove,
'Mid shouts of rapture from above.

And so shall each redeemed friend,
From scenes of darkness here,
Unto the Father high ascend,
A brilliant crown to wear—
Ascend from sorrows that annoy,
To songs of everlasting joy.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

THE Prodigal Son—its simplicity grand
With pleasure may well fill the soul—
Designed to instruct, and praises command,
While ages on ages shall roll.

Elated with pride, we see him forsake
The house of his father all fair,
His humble position as servant to take,
With swine of the field 'neath his care.

Debasement and want intensely he feels,
As his dreary confessions attest,
While, lo! to the winds he sorely reveals
The tempest within his sad breast.

Why in this state should I longer remain
'Mid hunger, depression, and gloom,
When joy and abundance their sway still maintain
In the house of my father, my home?

I will arise, he exclaims, speedily, too,
Will haste to my father's full store;
For his pardon, affection, fondly will sue—
Perhaps he will love me once more.

To him I will say, my sins weigh me down,
My mouth I now lay in the dust;
And while my transgressions thus freely I own,
In mercy alone will I trust.

Nor did his resolves here end in vain sighs,
Or tears which he fain would renew;
Lo! in an instant we see him arise,
To his promise all faithful and true.

He rapidly goes, 'mid hopes and alarms,
Sincerely, without the least art,
Until he is clasped within the fond arms
Of him who engrosses his heart.

The calf it is slain, the feast it invites,
The finger receives the gold ring;
The robe, by its splendor, pleases, delights,
While all, in their merriment, sing.

A picture, impressive, of sinners on earth,
Though happy at times they appear;
No matter, indeed, how noble their birth,
No matter, though crowns they may wear.

Far from Jehovah man wretched must rove,
Though wealthy, or learned, or great,
Until he return to share in the love
And treasures which children await.

THE FINAL JUDGMENT.

OUR race, alas! is born to die,
A truth which ages all unfold;
Nor need men ask the reason why,
As they the solemn grave behold—
Had Eden known no breach of trust,
The tomb had ne'er received man's dust.

But not as freely do men own
The certainty of that great day,
When Jesus, on His august throne,
His righteous judgment shall display,—
And not a living soul complain,
Though all its pleas for heaven prove vain.

The grave is open to our view,
While o'er it tears are daily shed;
Yet though the judgment be as true,
To doubts our hearts are often led—
That solemn hour creates no fear,
Because to sense it is not clear.

But to the eye of faith below
It is as clear as it can be ;
Nor need such faith indulge in woe,
That thither soon the soul must flee—
On earth it gloried in Christ's Name,
And there shall glory in the same.

Some boldly say that men receive
All punishment in present hour ;
But who that doctrine can believe
While reason here maintains its power?—
On present scenes let it once dwell,
And facts such fancies will dispel.

There is the man who grinds the face,
Yea, daily, proudly, of the poor ;
No acts are for his soul too base,
If he but wealth can thus secure—
By ways which God and Heaven despise,
To splendor he is seen to rise.

There, too, is one who freely lives
In ways licentious, of base birth ;
To pleasure he the reins e'er gives,
Devoid of merit and of worth ;—
And yet he swells in princely state,
A lord, on whom his vassals wait.

Behold another, with pure heart,
With motives ever noble, good ;
Who from all sin would fain depart,
Through Jesus and His cleansing blood ;—
Yet he, amid his sighs and tears,
An outcast to the world appears.

Necessity, it seems, demands
A future, final judgment scene,
When these shall have at God's right hand,
A proof of what they here have been ;—
That virtue then, with heart and voice,
O'er vice, defeated, may rejoice.

There, there before the judgment bar,
Shall faith appear in triumphs wide ;
And all the hopes be scattered far,
Of those who change of heart deride ;—
There shall man's works the heart appal,
And Christ, yea Christ, be all in all.

THE LANGUAGE OF JEHOVAH TO HIS SAINTS.

“Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward.”—Gen. xv. 1.

FEAR not, said the Lord, in ages long past,
 To Abram, in spirit cast down;
 Thy shield I will prove, while dangers shall last,
 Thy cause will defend as my own.

Fear not, says the Lord, to each weeping saint,
 Whatever thy sorrows may be;
 I am thy shield, when weary and faint,
 Unbosom thy sorrows to me.

Fear not, when consigning low to the dust
 Thy friends and thy kindred all dear;
 Then, o'er the grave, let thy hope and thy trust
 In me, as its victor, appear.

Fear not, though thy foe, the foe of all souls,
 Seek daily to mar here thy worth;
 My arm is almighty, and wisely controls
 His movements, the basest on earth.

Fear not, though the world, in all its array
Of splendor, thy footsteps surround;
Or when, as the dew, its charms pass away—
Then greater delights shall abound.

Fear not, though thy heart, the traitor within,
In all its rebellion should rise—
I, I o'er the same a conquest will win,
And give thee fond anthems for sighs.

Fear not, though thy foes thus triple combine,
To lead thee to regions of woe;
The Triune above—a power divine—
Their efforts shall all overthrow.

Fear not in thine heart, thy shield I will prove,
Yea, not only shield, but reward—
Will guide thee in safety to raptures above,
Forever to be with the Lord.

Fear not, then, ye saints, whatever betide,
The issue shall be for the best;
The Lord, as thy shield, will with thee abide,
And lead thee to mansions of rest.

STANZAS.

LET others, by ambition led,
Climb tediously the hill of fame,
Ascending till they reach its head,
Their disappointment to proclaim;—
No matter who may these admire,
To higher honors I aspire.

Let others dig for golden ore—
Lie ever prostrate at its shrine;
Add to their rich, o'erflowing store,
Till they e'en Croesus may outshine;—
Like Agur, I would say, Most High,
Unto thy servant wealth deny.

Let others seek in pleasure's smile,
The bliss for which they vainly sigh;
Although its songs may please awhile,
'Mid blasted hopes they soon will die;—
These songs of pleasure cannot give
The joys for which I fondly live.

Let others, anxious far to roam,
Explore the earth to distant poles;
To me, far dearer is my home,
Amid the joys of kindred souls.
What is the world, wide world, to me,
If those I love I cannot see?

Let others think this world enough
To satisfy each fond desire,
I daily have sufficient proof,—
Though they its gems and crowns admire,—
That for the soul it has no rest,
A dream, an idle dream at best.

Let others, with a seeming taste,
For bliss eternal in the skies,
After their thousand shadows haste,
To make man holy, just, and wise;—
All other hopes I cast away,
But Jesus, in the trying day.

Let others take of want no heed,
Like as the supercilious priest,
Or heartless Levite—I, for need,
Would freely give my mite at least;—
The poor have claims, at times, which call
For tenderness and aid from all.

Let others never deign to weep
With strangers o'er the silent tomb,

Whose sorrows interrupt their sleep,
Filling their hearts with bitter gloom;—
That which a stranger's heart can break,
May well my sympathies awake. .

Let others care not for the world,
A weeping, dying world around,
Christ's banners I would see unfurled
Where'er a sinful soul is found;—
Be this my effort, this my prayer,
In such a noble work to share.

LET US ALONE.

“LET us alone,” Thou Being, great,
To whom all worlds belong;
“Let us alone,” early and late,
And do us here no wrong.

The people of the living God,
In Egypt thus could say,
When He, by His avenging rod,
Would melt their chains away.

Though o'er their pathway God had shone,
To make it clear and bright,
Yet they exclaim, “Let us alone,”
In bonds we still delight.

But God, almighty, just and wise,
Whose cov'nant cannot cease,
In mercy bade them to arise,
And granted their release.

To idols Ephraim bows the knee,
To them he gives the heart;

Hence issues forth the sad decree,
"From them will I depart."

"Let him alone," now saith the Lord,
His own vain course pursue ;
"Let him alone"—my holy word—
Spirit, bid him adieu.

Let parents dear thus leave a child,
On seas here tempest tossed,
To struggle with the billows wild,
That child, alas ! is lost.

Say to the young, as they begin
Down streams of vice to sail,
Go on as you may please in sin,
Their ruin cannot fail.

Say to the pris'ner in his cell,
We visit you no more,
And he in galling chains must dwell,
Till life, alas, is o'er.

So let the Lord these words address
To sinners who rebel,
"Let them alone," and nothing else
Is their award but hell.

Never, O Lord, from me retire,
My ways through life control ;
This is my ardent, fond desire,
The highest of my soul.

WE PRAISE THEE.

WE praise Thee, Lord, for what Thou art,
 Aside from all around ;
Though all creation should depart,
 Thy glory would abound ;—
Thus, independent of us all,
We humbly at Thy footstool fall.

We praise Thee, O Thou power divine,
 For making this vast earth,
The sun and moon, and stars that shine,
 With man of priceless worth ;—
Man, with a spirit lofty, pure,
Through endless ages to endure.

We praise Thee most, that when man fell,
 The promise bright was given,
That though a child of death and hell,
 He might yet reign in heaven ;—
That for this end the Saviour came,
Whose triumphs millions now proclaim.

We praise Thee for that guardian hand,
Which everywhere we trace
Throughout the circles of our land,
Much more for saving grace;—
'Mong all the nations round does one
In worth or fame surpass our own?

We praise Thee—well indeed we may—
Here science and the arts
Are fast increasing, day by day,
To cheer admiring hearts;—
Here schools of learning more and more
Their radiance around us pour.

We praise Thee—here the anxious toil
Of man is not in vain,
Of him who cultivates the soil,
A fair reward to gain;
Here commerce, active, spreads her sail—
Here freedom rises to prevail.

We praise Thee that the pest'lence drear
Has had so little spread,
Though many, as from facts appear,
Are sleeping with the dead,—
Who, had it not prevailed awhile,
Would now on friends and kindred smile.

While thus we praise Thee, Lord, for these,
These mercies truly vast,
Thy rising wrath we would appease
For all offences past;—
Our many sins, O Lord, forgive,
And let us near Thee ever live.

CREATION.

IN the beginning, as we learn,
 God made the heaven and earth,
With all the lights that in them burn,
 Gave creatures all their birth;—
But last, it seems, to crown the whole,
Made man with an immortal soul.

O how delightful to man's gaze,
 Must all these works have been,
The heav'ns sublime, all in a blaze,
 Earth, earth a fairy scene;—
Himself a greater wonder far
Than sun, or moon, or brilliant star.

Who now these wonders can survey,
 With eye exceeding dim,
And not delight and love display,
 In fond, adoring hymn,
Unto that great, that mighty hand,
That brought them here by mere command?

Why this world did God bring forth
In its attractive glare?

Not to enlarge his bliss or worth—

These increase cannot bear;

Nor can they ever be the less,

Though worlds return to nothingness.

18*

PRAYING FOR TEMPORAL BLESSINGS.

FOR temporal blessings oft to pray,
And ne'er for those of grace,
Must to the hosts of heaven display
Sad views of our proud race :

- What, can proud man so thoughtless be
As to forget eternity ?

Yet lawfully he may implore,
As often as he please,
What here is needful—yea, far more
Conducive to his ease,—
If all the fleeting joys of earth
Shall yield to those of endless worth.

Seek first, declares a voice divine,
The Saviour's Kingdom here ;
In faith upon His blood recline,
And want you need not fear ;—
He feeds the ravens in their need,
And shall He not His chosen seed ?

Submissive to the Lord most High,
Man to His throne may go,
There fondly ask a full supply,
For all his wants below,—
The gifts of time e'en rich, entreat,
While prostrate at His mercy seat.

In asking blessings which are pure,
Pardon and joy and peace,
Which shall beyond the grave endure,
Man's prayers should never cease—
But day by day in fervor rise,
As pleasing incense to the skies.

But as to gifts alone of time,
Submissive he should prove,
Or else his feelings ne'er can chime
With those of faith and love;—
What he implores may soon destroy
All present and eternal joy.

In mercy God declines to send,
What man would fain possess,
Declines as his unerring friend,
That He His soul may bless;—
But man, alas! in swelling pride,
Is wiser than his heav'nly guide.

With manna Jews were not content,
For flesh the heart now sighs;
On it their burning souls are bent,
Though God their suit denies;—
But, persevering—in his ire
He sends them death with their desire.

So Rachel in her wants is wild,
One blessing seeks alone;
To her must soon be born a child,
Whom she shall call her own;—
She begs and begs, and not in vain,
But with the child ne'er breathes again.

Thus often is it with us, too,
We gain what joys the heart;
But with the blessing, rich and new,
Are doomed with life to part;—
Or if we live, alas! to mourn,
That God from us His face should turn.

If temporal blessings make us live,
Unmindful of our God,
Better to others these all give,
And bear the scourging rod,—
Than long in splendor here to roll,
And lose at last fore'er the soul.

As here with Jacob we exclaim
We will not leave thee, Lord,
While saving blessings are our aim,
Till Thou Thy smiles afford;
Let us for earth on Jesus rest,
To give or not, as He deems best.

THE FOLLY OF DEFERRING RELIGION

To a more Convenient Season.

SAY truly—is it not enough,
Sinner, thy heart to rend,
That thou art standing still aloof,
From Jesus thy best friend—

The great, the wise, eternal, good,
Who left His glorious throne,
To suffer, yea, to shed His blood,
For sinful man alone—

While rebel angels doleful chains
Are justly left to wear,
'Mid scenes where terror haggard reigns,
Yea, endless black despair?

Say truly—will the soul become,
More willing, day by day,
Either in sunshine or in gloom,
His mandates to obey?

More willing, by continued sin,
To seek a gracious part—
Can such a course to Jesus win
The proud, rebellious heart?

Nay, does it not the more inure
The soul to guilt and shame,
Make it despise whate'er is pure,
Whate'er is base, inflame?

Say truly—will the Lord thy God,
More powerful means employ,
Either by mercy or by rod,
For thine eternal joy?

Is not His written Word replete,
With all that can alarm,
Revealing, too, a mercy seat,
That should thy fears disarm?

Say, does He not in acts oft speak
All, all thy soul to gain?
If these though mighty prove too weak
All else, alas! is vain.

Say truly—in the future time
Will God more grace control,
Or by His mercy more sublime,
Sustain the sinking soul?

At present, does He not disclose,
His grace, unbounded, free,
To save from guilt and all its woes,
Throughout eternity?

Then prostrate at His footstool fall,
There plead what He has said,
To morrow He thy soul may call
To scenes where hope has fled.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

OUR bodies all aloud proclaim,
 Where'er they move,
The glorious source from which they came,
 The God of love;
While thus of Him they testify,
Our bosoms heave the mournful sigh,
Because, alas! they soon must die,
 And turn to dust.

Soon, dust with kindred dust must blend,
 Till trump shall sound—
The dust of lover and of friend
 With foe be found.

Our own sad dust—ah! solemn scene—
And shall this dust e'er rise again,
To bloom afresh in living green,
 When spring returns?

In winter, nature all is dead—
 No living bloom,
Its beauty here is seen to shed
 Around the tomb;

But, lo! the sun begins to shine—
The vernal sun, with rays divine—
And nature from her sad decline
Revives again.

So, so shall smile the human race
O'er their own grave;
All those who here rejoice in grace
Jesus will save.

When o'er their tombs the sun shall rise,
Then He, whom death in vain defies,
Shall take their bodies to the skies,
Like His to live.

Like His, from all defilement, free
From sin and pain;
Like His, in immortality—
Immense the gain.

If Jesus be unto us dear,
Why, why the grave should we e'er fear,
When e'en our dust, at last, shall wear
His glorious form?

THE PROSPERITY OF THE WICKED.

*“I was envious of the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of
the wicked.”*

As David casts his eyes around,
And sees the wicked rise,
While poverty and tears abound
Amid the just and wise,
He almost doubts divine control,
Exclaiming from his inmost soul,
Where the deep burden lies,
My worship humble has been vain—
Why should I serve the Lord again?

Thus did his foolish bosom swell,
With envy and regret,
Against the Lord Most High rebel,
His faithfulness forget;
Until the sinner's sun is seen,
His sun, once brilliant and serene,
In darkness deep to set;
Then light anew around him shone,
And he a covenant God could own.

Whom have I, Lord, in heaven but Thee,
The first, the greatest, best?—
Thy children, whither can they flee,
But unto Thee for rest?
Though flesh and heart may fail, decay,
Thy truth can never pass away,
As heaven and earth attest;—
Thou faithful to the last wilt prove,
Nor can I doubt my Father's love.

I've seen the wicked flourish here,
Like the green bay tree spread,
All beauteous to the world appear,
But joy, alas! had fled.
I've seen the poor, and often, too,
To anxious cares all bid adieu,
Though wanting daily bread—
Rejoicing that they soon should soar,
Where sighs and sorrows all are o'er.

Who, who can doubt as to his choice,
At least about to die;
Who with the poor would not rejoice,
Then mount to realms on high—
Rather than with the rich awhile,
Enjoy proud fortune's gaudy smile,
Then dying, e'er to sigh—

Where sighs, alas! can do no good,
Nor tears, nor e'en a Saviour's blood?

Give me religion here below,
 Whate'er my outward lot,
And I can splendor well forego,
 Be happy in a cot;
Let others fleeting pleasures crave,
I ask a meetness for the grave,
 With this, an anxious not
(Aspiring to Eternal worth)
About the smiles or frowns of earth.

FOURTH OF JULY.

THE Fourth is approaching, the Fourth of July,
Memorial of wonders, indeed;
When our fathers declared, though the world all defy,
To tyrants we never will yield.

All their grievances sore were nobly set forth,
In language that made the soul burn;
By long-tried experience, by wisdom and worth,
Which seldom we fear shall return.

These fathers are truly embalmed in our hearts,
Whose names we now almost adore;
At the mention of which the tear often starts,
Yea, freely, and will evermore.

Their grievances widely and fully were spread,
From mountain re-echoed to vale,
Till armies arose and patriots bled
In defence of what never could fail.

Their foes were well trained, exceedingly strong,
In numbers were ten to their one—
Could raise in the battle the war whoop and song,
And boast of their grandeur and throne.

Of victory proudly they often were sure,
Beheld us 'mid scenes of dismay;
But we for our rights could all things endure,
Yea, suffer not only, but pray.

Of prayer and its value how little we know,
When armies with armies contend;
He, He who directs, controls all below,
To the voice of devotion will bend.

The May Flower came 'mid storms to our coast,
With men who had struggled in prayer,
Of freedom enlarged, the pride and the boast,
For fetters they never could bear.

They fled from their soil because of the chains
Which laid in their path all around,
To a region far off, averse to such stains,
Where men like themselves might be found.

With a spirit like this our country they sought,
Her men and her ways fondly loved;
And when to the contest tyrants were brought,
Their valor undaunted they proved.

To the Pilgrim we owe a debt truly large,
For their spirit and action so brave,
They came in a phalanx at once to the charge,
Their motto, "Success, or the grave."

This, this was the spirit of patriots all,
Who drew on our shores their first breath,
Determined to conquer, or nobly to fall,
Preferring to bondage e'en death.

May a spirit like this here never decrease,
But always continue to rise,
Exulting in freedom as well as release
From all that true freemen despise.

May nations around, as they shall behold
Our country to freedom e'er true,
With a spirit as free, as noble, as bold,
Oppression resist and subdue.

Till banners of freedom be proudly unfurled,
Rejoicing man's present abode,
From east to the west, throughout the wide world,
To the praise of our nature and God.

THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

OUR Saviour, leaving heaven for earth,
Came here a babe, a child of gloom—
Humble, extremely so, His birth,
Yea, all His journey to the tomb.

Related not to Cæsar's throne,
Or to the priests in rich attire;
No glory here around Him shone,
Save that which spirits pure admire.

As prophecy had long foretold,
Bethlehem was His native place,
Where He, whose wonders were of old,
Appeared the Saviour of our race.

Why not select some royal ground,
Where He in glory might appear,
With pomp and splendor all around,
The trophies of His power to rear?

Yea, why not proud, imperial Rome,
There let His parents fond abide,
That He might have, when born, a home
To suit the eye of carnal pride?

Such aims, in His esteem, were low;
He courted not the proud, the great,
And yet, devoid of pomp and show,
Angels in songs upon Him wait.

They knew the man His powers divine,
That sceptres to Him all belong;
They saw his Godhead brightly shine,
And hence their sweet, harmonious song.

Thus wonderful indeed was He,
Although on earth exceeding poor;
In whom the angels fondly see
A glory that shall e'er endure.

He speaks, and raging storms are stayed,
Obedient to His sovereign voice;
His hands upon the sick are laid,
And they in health once more rejoice.

Unto the blind imparts He sight,
He makes the deaf anon to hear,
While mourning, weeping souls delight,
As friends, once dead, alive appear.

Unbounded was His peaceful sway,
Extending o'er the spirit world,
Driving e'en demons mad away,
As here His banners were unfurled.

Though wicked hands His blood must lave,
Though to the earth His dust we trace,
Yet still He triumphs o'er the grave,
And through Him all the human race.

Unto the Father He ascends,
Resuming there His throne on high,—
A throne whose glory never ends,
'Mid songs that never, never die.

Then shall we not our voices raise,
(Yea hearts, as on Thy birth we pore,)
Beloved Saviour, in Thy praise,
And with all heaven Thy Name adore?

ONE THING IS NEEDFUL.

ONE thing is needful the Saviour declares,
To Martha, whom dearly He loved ;
A blessing in which her sister, too, shares,
As she by her actions had proved.

One thing is needful, not honor or wealth,
Or the phantom, vain pleasure, below ;
Nor even the flush evincive of health,
However imposing their show.

One thing is needful, apart from all these,
Which raises the menial high ;
While millions who move in splendor and ease,
Debased and comfortless die.

One thing is needful, to those who possess
Abundance of silver and gold ;
That they may adore Jehovah, none else,
While their treasures they freely unfold.

One thing is needful to those who are poor,
Wherever their footsteps they wend ;
That, truly submissive, their souls may endure
Their trials till trials shall end.

One thing is needful to persons of age,
 Descending and near to the tomb ;
That chiefly those thoughts their hearts may engage,
 Which banish dejection and gloom.

One thing is needful to those in the morn,
 The beauty inviting of years ;
That the circuit of life their acts may adorn,
 Resplendent, when sunset appears.

One thing is needful, if men would impart
 Rich blessings to others around ;
Improving the mind and cheering the heart
 By maxims substantial and sound.

One thing is needful, one thing alone,
 All others, though splendid, are vain ;
As all at the bar of Jesus will own,
 In exquisite pleasure or pain.

One thing is needful—what! need we inquire?
 The truth we perceive at a glance—
Faith in our Saviour, with ardent desire
 His cause by our works to advance.

THE SABBATH DAWNS.

THE Sabbath dawns and brings to view,
Where'er the eye we cast,
Creation, with its wonders new,
Imposing, grand, and vast;—
And which, as they around us throng,
Call forth our anthem and our song.

The Sabbath dawns, and praise commands
From each immortal breast,
As here the dealings of God's hands,
His love and truth attest;—
Who, who can ponder all these ways,
And not abound in love and praise?

The Sabbath dawns upon our race,
Who all rebellious prove,
In beams of sweet, effulgent grace,
And everlasting love;—
Jesus expires in awful gloom,
And rests awhile within the tomb.

The Sabbath dawns 'mid fairer skies,
 'Mid skies devoid of gloom ;
While Jesus, lo ! is seen to rise
 Triumphant o'er the tomb ;—
To whom, upon His glorious throne,
Our lasting gratitude we own.

The Sabbath dawns, with Jesus nigh,
 For all to intercede,
Who on His faithfulness rely,
 And feel of Him their need ;—
To such a prophet, priest, and king
Our cheerful offerings we bring.

The Sabbath dawns, with cheering ray,
 Upon each mourning heart,
The emblem of eternal day,
 Where friends no more shall part ;—
Where saints shall bid farewell to care,
And brighter crowns than angels wear.

SUBMISSION TO THE DIVINE WILL.

IF a skilful commander, long out at sea,
'Mid billows and tempests, should cowardly flee,
And leave but a boy the command to assume,
How soon would all hearts be enshrouded in gloom;
With a boy at the helm, the vessel to guide,
Without the least knowledge, though swelling with
 pride,
The vessel, and life, ever precious and dear,
Would quickly a wreck all forbidding appear.

More folly and madness it sure would display,
For mortals to seek and pursue their own way,
And take from Jehovah exalted the rein,
That they their desires might fully here gain.
'Mid seas of confusion, which cease not to roll,
If we thus attempt our own barque to control,
How soon would the billows o'erwhelm the sad heart,
And bliss and true glóry forever depart.

If e'er from His throne the Most High should retire,
And grant us, on earth, to fulfil each desire,
In ruins o'erwhelming we soon should all lie,
And still be unwilling, though wretched, to die.
Our wills, thus triumphant, could yield us no joy,
Nay, even at present our peace would destroy—
And we, in dejection, would sink to the grave,
Where Jesus in glory no longer could save.

If in a physician we venture to trust,
That he may repair what must mingle with dust,
Then let our reliance be equal, nay, more,
On Jesus to guide till diseases are o'er;—
That the Saviour thus reigns, with heart and with
 voice,
Let mortals in trials forever rejoice:
In wisdom and mercy, He knows what is best,
And thus will prescribe, till in glory we rest.

If here, disappointed, we sadly are poor,
It is that true riches our souls may allure;
If strangers to pleasure while pilgrims below,
It is that pure raptures alone we may know;
If honors clude our exertion and prayer,
It is that in glory at last we may share;
And if to fond friends we in death say farewell,
It is that with Jesus we ever may dwell.

Thus sorrows and trials forbidding become
The heralds of mercy to lead us all home;
And when, like the stars, we shine in the skies,
Not a doubt of their kindness shall ever arise;—
Then, let us, like children, submissive here prove
To trials as proofs of affection and love,
And never complain, though severe be the rod,
Since trials thus lead us to glory and God.

FILIAL DUTIES.

JOSEPH, although a mighty king,
To whom his subjects offerings bring,
 In all their proud array,
Meets his poor father, with a smile,
Humbling himself indeed meanwhile,
 Without the least display.

So Solomon from throne descends,
Most lowly to his mother bends,
 As she appears in sight,—
No object, or possession grand,
Could his attention so command,
 Or yield so much delight.

Jacob, though forty years of age,
To marry never could engage,
 Against his parents' voice:
Should they oppose he knew too well,
His bosom with remorse would swell,
 Though happy were his choice.

Our Saviour was, in all His worth,
A shining pattern while on earth—
 For ever to remain—
Of filial reverence and love,
Which pattern must to millions prove
 A blessing not in vain.

With angels moving at His will,
To parents Christ was subject still,
 Their burdens, too, could bear;
Commending mother, void of wealth,
E'en with his last, expiring breath,
 To His disciples' care.

Would, would that children even now,
To parents thus could humbly bow,
 With reverential soul;
But, lo! too oft they proudly rise,
Then doating parents are more wise,
 Yea, parents would control.

Show me the child who casts aside
His parents in his swelling pride,
 Nor heeds their fond desire;
There I will show you through this life
A man of discord and of strife,
 From whom the world retire.

But once reverse this picture sad,
My tender, beating heart is glad,
 With gratitude can glow ;
For now I see a blooming youth,
Advancing in the ways of truth,
 With laurels on his brow.

THE EARTH.

FROM chaos dark, 'mid awful night,
There came forth first resplendent light,
To fill creation with delight,
From day to day.

And then the firmament arose,
Which still in all its beauty glows,
And round and round its radiance throws,
While man admires.

Then, by Jehovah's mighty hand,
Waters were taken from the land;
Obedient thus to His command
They still remain.

'Twixt day and night, a wall God rears,
The sun is set, the moon appears,
For signs and seasons, days and years,
Till time shall close.

The seas were ordered to bring forth
The moving creature of rich worth,
And fowls to fly above the earth,
Alone for man.

And then the Great, the Good, the Wise,
Who reigns above, beneath the skies,
Bade creeping things and beasts arise,
Calling all good.

Such was the great design of all,
These works which for our praises call
And good were still, but for the fall
Of rebel man.

'Tis sin alone which mars the scene,
Else all were ever vernal, green,
With not a cloud to intervene
To mar our joys.

STEPHEN, THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

THE gospel, in its early days,
An overwhelming power displays,
Not, not among the poor alone,
But reaches even Cæsar's throne;
The rich, the great, as well as low,
Before its glorious author bow—
Upon their altars incense pour,
While they His name revere, adore.
Stephen, a soldier of the Cross,
Despising earth and all its dross,
Compared with scenes inviting, new,
Which grace had brought to his full view,
And pleasures which those scenes inspire,
To last when worlds are all on fire,
Devoted to his Master's cause,
Fain vindicates His truth and laws,
Would make the Jews all deeply feel,
The guilt which their base acts reveal;

But they as champions take the field,
 Refusing to his cause to yield,
 Would make him tremble 'neath their rod,
 As foe to Moses and to God.

The Sanhedrim at once convene,
 A truly grand, imposing scene—
 Arraign him at their august bar,
 While justice flies, alas! afar.

Obedient to their high command
 Stephen, as culprit, takes his stand,
 Evinces not a single fear,
 Nor heaves a sigh, nor sheds a tear,
 Though as he casts his eyes around,
 A human friend, not one is found;—
 Not, not himself he seeks to save,
 From persecution and the grave—
 He rises to the true sublime,
 Looking beyond himself and time:
 Death has not for his soul a care,
 If Jesus is triumphant there.

For this alone he pleads 'awhile,
 Free from all artifice and guile;
 His arguments in grandeur rise,
 Proving their source to be the skies;
 Though destitute of aid on earth,
 He had a friend of higher worth,
 Who taught him, in this time of need,
 With force and eloquence to plead.

While looking o'er the history past,
He frowns indignant on them cast—
Declared the prophets they had slain,
Whose blood was crying not in vain
For vengeance on their guilty race,
Despisers bold of truth and grace;
Nay, charged them with the flowing blood
Of Jesus, wise, and just, and good.
With raging fire, their eyes now flash,
While on him with their teeth they gnash,
Pronouncing thus his awful doom.
But death to him had lost all gloom;
For in this last and trying hour,
When clouds of darkness round him lower,
His face is sweetly seen to shine,
With radiance almost divine;
Arising wholly, or in part,
From the high joy within his heart—
The smile of everlasting love,
Which all his purest passions move—
The hope, assurance to him given,
That he would shortly reign in heaven.
Hear, as they on him fiendlike fly,
With showers of stones, his dying cry:—
“The heavens all open to my sight,
There I behold, in sunbeams bright,
The Father and His well-loved Son,
The sparkling crowns the saints have won;

And, lo! a crown awaiting me,
To which with rapture I shall flee."
Thus, thus he bowed his glorious head,
And rests where sin and tears have fled.

PERCEIVEST THOU?

PERCEIVEST thou, immortal soul,
The book of nature here,
With all its lessons, as they roll,
In colors bold and clear;—
The sun, the moon, the twinkling star,
The planets in the heavens afar—
The swelling sea, the ocean wide,
The streamlets, as they gently glide—
The hill, the valleys green and fair,
The birds that warble in the air?

Perceivest thou their first Great Cause,
Creator of them all,
Author of their unchanging laws,
Their increase and their fall?—
These wonders so resplendent, great,
Could never sure themselves create;
Nor could they, even for an hour,
Sustain themselves by their own power:
They prove, with man's existence here,
A Deity, in sunbeams clear.

Perceivest thou the glaring page
Of providence below,
Written alike for youth and age,
In all its bliss and woe?—
Where man may learn, as at a glance,
That nothing happens here by chance—
In all events God's hand may view
The smallest and the greatest, too;—
May see Him raise, and then bring down,
As well a sparrow as a crown.

Perceivest thou, again, O man,
Thou lover of thy race,
That book which angels fondly scan,
The volume of God's grace?—
Without which what would sinners be,
In all their guilt and misery?
Wretched, indeed, unto the end,
Without a single guide or friend
To teach the true, the living way,
Unto the realms of endless day.

Perceivest thou thy Saviour's blood,
O sinner, in thy gloom—
Why here upon the cross He stood,
The meaning of His tomb?
Not for His friends, but for His foes,
Did He endure these bitter woes—

For those immersed in guilt and sin
Did He eternal life thus win :
Fond heights and depths, methinks, of love,
Enough e'en adamant to move.

Perceivest thou thy feeble powers,
Thy reason, conscience, will,—
How darkness o'er them ever lowers
Till grace its light instill?
Then in thy weakness dost thou turn
To Him, from whom all mortals learn
True wisdom, and who fondly grants
His grace according to their wants,
If they, in penitence, indeed,
And faith, for such assistance plead.

Perceivest thou, 'mid all thy fears,
What true repentance means—
What is the nature of its tears,
Amid life's brightest scenes?
Or what it is in faith to give
The soul to Jesus, and to live
Dependent on His grace and might,
In sunshine and in darkest night?
Then art thou, 'mid all changes, blessed
An heir of everlasting rest.

WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

AGAINST the Lord will man declare
A cruel and eternal war,

Without alarm?—

Against the Lord will he thus dare
To raise his arm?

Deluded man! why madness show
The King of kings? He is the foe

You thus assail;

In mercy He forbears the blow—

Can you prevail?

He now, with arms extended wide,
Says who, oh! who is on my side—

My fervent friend?

And will you not renounce your pride,
And to Him bend?

THANKS DUE TO THE SAVIOUR.

MORE happy Redeemer Thou never canst be,
By praises Thy creatures here render to Thee;
Yet though to Thy throne they no glory impart,
They still are most pleasing, the flow of the heart.
As such, to our Saviour they truly are due,
Our praises most ardent, exalted, and true;
Nor from them can ever Thy servants refrain,
Though the world may pronounce them all useless
and vain.

Thus children are grateful to parents most dear,
And pupils to teachers they truly revere;
Thus patients will seek their physicians to love,
If skilful, attentive, successful they prove;
And thus to the hand which grants them release,
Prisoners in praises sure never can cease:
And shall not the heart of the Christian then glow
With praises to Him, whence His mercies all flow?

With grateful emotions his bosom must burn,
When to Thy embraces he fondly can turn—

An alien, an outcast, no longer to roam,
But in true affection can see Thee at home ;
A captive, he yielded to gloom and despair,
But now, in his freedom, Thy glories can share ;
Then let his thanksgivings forever ascend,
As incense to Thee, his Saviour and Friend.

LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "AUSTRIA."

A BURNING steamship, seen at sea,
Now strikes upon the ear;
What is her name? which can it be
Of those expected here?
Or is it one which left our shore
Lately for Albion's side,
Now wrapt in flames, alas! no more
To swell her country's pride?
Soon, soon an answer sadly came,
Wafted on eastern gale,
Austria, Austria is her name,
With few to tell the tale.
That dark, that harrowing tale is told,
Would, would it were not so;
Would that survivors could unfold
A picture of less woe!
The ship, alas! is all on fire,
From ruin none can save;
While hundreds in their fright retire,
To meet a watery grave.

Amid these awful, dire alarms,
Lo! friends to friends fast fly,
And rushing to each others' arms,
In friendship's bonds thus die.
Husbands and wives forever part,
Brothers and sisters, too;
All, all with a desponding heart,
Bidding their last adieu.
The wife embraces the abyss,
On children, one by one,
The father prints the tender kiss,
And quickly all are gone;—
Gone to their dreary, long abode,
To mingle with the earth,
There to remain, until their God
Shall bid their dust come forth.
A few were crushed 'neath falling beams,
Or suffocated there,
While others perished in the flames—
Who, who the thought, can bear?
But yesterday their sun was bright,
Their sky serene and blue,
All, all was pleasure and delight,
With home, sweet home in view.
Now, now, alas! dark clouds arise,
Yea, clouds exceeding dread;
Now hope within the bosom dies,
Now life itself has fled.

We feel for friends, for kindred, all
Who o'er this picture mourn ;
How must the scene their heart's appal—
Ah! whither shall they turn?
Unto the world—its altars own?
All broken reeds at best ;—
In Jesus, and in Him alone,
Is true substantial rest.
By scenes like these proud man is taught
Lessons he should improve,
That all the world is vain, yea naught,
Compared with saving love.
O'er scenes like these our tears we pour—
Before Jehovah bend ;
But when a few short days are o'er,
Our tender sorrows end ;—
Wars, pestilential vapors reign,
'Mid scenes where all was bloom,
With fearful evils in their train,
Filling the earth with gloom.
Man trembles, weeps, and sighs awhile,
Makes oft the solemn vow ;
But soon again the cheerful smile
Is seen upon his brow.
So has it been from earliest hour,
When judgments are abroad,
We recognize Jehovah's power,
And tremble 'neath His sword ;

But when these judgments kindly cease,
With pride again we swell,
Saying, in thoughtless, fancied peace,
All, all with us is well.

FORETASTES OF THE PROMISED LAND.

“And they came unto the brook of Eshcol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff.”—Numbers, xiii. 23.

WHEN passing through the desert land,
The Jews would often witness there
The impress of Jehovah's hand—
The proofs of His paternal care.
Their daily wants were daily met,
By efforts of Almighty power,
Which, though they often dared forget,
Were still renewed from hour to hour.
When drawing near to Jordan's stream,
O'er which were Canaan's valleys bright,
Of all its pleasures vast they dream,
Truly transported with delight.
Soon thither went a few brave spies,
Searching the land all through and through,
Till Eshcol's grapes before them rise,
Astonishing unto their view.

With clusters large, extremely so,
Requiring two to bear the same,
O'er Jordan's stream again they go,
Unto the desert whence they came.
This cluster, on their dreary waste,
They now examine o'er and o'er,
Unto their joy a fond foretaste
Of blessings rich, for them in store.
So has the Christian pilgrim here
Foretastes of heavenly joys above,
Which wonderful to him appear,
In all the vastness of their love;—
He has these foretastes at the time
When God regenerates his soul,
In pleasures pure, devout, sublime,
Which then his inmost thoughts control;
He has them, too, when God revives
His gracious work in circles round,
When he more like a Christian lives,
When Christians more like Christ are found;
Or sinners, when aroused to see,
The consequences of their fall,
In penitence to Jesus flee,
Their only hope, their all in all;—
He has them, too, when, 'mid his gloom,
He fixes on God's Word his eye,
And promises specific come,
Raising his heart to joys on high.

So, too, when at the sacred board,
 The smiles of God are to him given;
 "This is," he says unto the Lord,
 "This is the very gate of heaven."
 With all these foretastes here on earth,
 Of heavenly bliss beyond the grave,
 Shall Christians of celestial birth
 E'er cease, 'mid conflicts, to be brave?
 He who, through all the wilderness,
 His arms around His people threw,
 His servants now will guard and bless,
 Till each to foes shall bid adieu—
 Till each to heavenly joys attain,
 Where all is triumph, all is peace:
 Where death shall prove eternal gain,
 And thrones and sceptres never cease.

OUR BLESSINGS, WHILE ENJOYED, NOT FULLY
APPRECIATED.

OUR blessings here we seldom prize,
Till from us they have fled ;
Then o'er our loss our sighs arise,
And tears are freely shed ;—
While, lo ! we long, but long in vain,
To mingle in their joys again.

Our kindred move with us awhile,
'Mid changing scenes below ;
O'er all our pathway sweetly smile,
Our solace in each woe ;—
But not till they have left us here
Do they, in all their charms, appear.

Then who but knows can ever tell,
As we their graves stand o'er,
The bitter pangs our bosoms swell,
For loving them no more ;—
Oh ! could they once to us return,
How would our fond affections burn !

Lo! they who riches here control,
Their value oft forget,
Till they in splendor no more roll—
Then follows sad regret;—
Now they true stewards e'er would be,
Could they their treasures once more see.

So with the honors, pleasures, all
That we enjoy on earth,
Till from our mortal grasp they fall
We see not their true worth;—
And shall our folly ne'er abate,
Nor we be wise until too late?

Lo! Jesus now, in boundless love,
Is here, our souls to bless;
He points to joys, to thrones above,
To kingdoms, nothing less;—
But we, alas! in foolish pride,
Set His redeeming grace aside.

But when we rest within the grave,
Where hope fore'er has gone,
Where Jesus' blood no more can save,
No more for sin atone;
Ten thousand worlds we all would give,
If we 'mid grace again could live.

PERFECT PEACE

PROMISED TO THOSE WHO STAY THEMSELVES ON GOD.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."—Isaiah, xxvi. 3.

SEE in the ocean mortal poor,
Who, having waves withstood
Awhile, no longer can endure
The wild tumultuous flood ;
When, lo ! a friend is seen, and near,
On whom he rests without a fear.

That friend is stronger far than he,
Of high, majestic form ;
Hasting in love, that He may be
A refuge in the storm ;
And shall he, can he now delay
Upon that cherished form to stay ?

No, in Him he at once confides,
Accepts the proffered aid,
In triumph o'er the billows rides,
With heart no more afraid ;—

Reaching again the long-wished shore,
Where storms and tempests all are o'er.

So with the sinner, on the brink
Of everlasting woe,
Ready, alas! each hour to sink;
For aid, where shall he go?—
When Jesus would his sins forgive,
Shall he refuse henceforth to live?

Though this may often be the case,
The heart will sometimes trust
In Jesus, and His boundless grace,
To save rebellious dust;—
And in that trust will find a joy
Which earth nor hell can e'er destroy.

This joy is ours, whene'er the eye
Of faith ascends to God,
When on His Word we can rely,
And justify His rod;—
Our warfare, then, is at an end,
And God is our eternal friend.

Let trials awful forms assume,
Multiplied, severe;
Amid them all, our deepest gloom,
The promise shines forth clear—

Peace, in perfection, e'er is thine,
If on my Word thou shalt recline.

This joy is ours when life shall cease,
When we to God shall rise
The heirs of pure, exalted peace,
Eternal in the skies,—
Where death and sorrow ne'er are known
Around the everlasting throne.

But why, devoid of peace, oft now?
Let facts abundant speak;
Because, alas! as Christians know,
Their faith is often weak;—
As smoking flax, or bruised reed,
How can it this fond promise plead?

O! were our stay on God complete,
Our peace were perfect, too;
The bitter then to us were sweet,
For we the end could view;—
With Paul and Silas, though in chains,
Might sing, for these to us were gains.

FASHION.

To fashion, thousands, millions bow,
In homage ever servile, low,
That they may thus obtain renown,
And shine the elite of the town;—
Distinguished not for virtue, sense,
But what will pass for bare pretence.
All they who at her shrine adore,
Look at appearance—nothing more;
They seek for gracefulness and ease,
And costly robes, which highly please,
Forgetting e'er the soul and heart,
Which only should delight impart.
The more her votaries I see,
The farther from her would I flee.
While homage she would fain command,
She gives you not fond friendship's hand,
But passes by, with gentle smile
And courtesy, all full of guile;
And while on you she makes a call,
Rejoices, if from home are all.

And when that call you would return,
She, too, is out, as you may learn ;
Or, if you chance to find her in,
Her fooleries will soon begin ;—
You listen to her giddy voice,
And when you leave, in heart rejoice.
While fashion e'er delights to roam,
She sometimes spoils our happy home ;
In lieu of love, fond and sincere,
Her heartless forms at length appear ;
And while in form she strives to bless,
We find her naught but emptiness.
E'en in the church she fain would reign,
Nor are her wishes always vain :
In splendor there is seen her shrine,
More powerful than that divine ;
And they who should Jehovah greet,
There worship at her sov'reign feet.

DIVINE GRACE: ITS TENDENCY.

“Shall we sin because we are not under the law, but under grace? God forbid!”

THE law which said to man, obey,
And you eternal life shall gain,
In that respect has passed away,
That grace, eternal grace might reign.

And can the Christian e'er be found,
Who says, by grace I now am free,
Because grace reigns, sin shall abound,
Nay, God forbid—it cannot be.

Though saved by grace, man ne'er can sin,
Without a tender, mournful sigh;
He holy conquests longs to win,
Till in sweet triumph he shall die.

Salvation gives a nature new
To those who of its blessings share;
Hence holiness they here pursue,
The image of their Saviour bear.

His Spirit guides their souls aright,
Through present scenes of guilt and woe;
Hence, in His service they delight,
While purer joys they long to know.

THE TRUE SOURCE OF NATIONAL GREATNESS.

SURVEY the nations all around,
In their exalted state on earth,
Where is the precious secret found,
Of their superior joy and worth?
In arts?—why these we all admire,
In Egypt, land of darkest night—
No finer genius could desire;
Or skill, the connoisseur's delight?
In learning?—its attainments grand.
No; these, as we in Greece may see,
Cannot exalt or bless a land
Devoted to idolatry.
In arms?—why, look at ancient Rome,
Her banners proudly are unfurled,
Till she proclaims (none dare disown)
Herself the mistress of the world.
But arms cannot secure her reign,
However they may swell or shine;
Her thousand legions all are vain,
Because she hath not truth divine.

In commerce?—Tyre of old survey,
 With her expanding, lofty sail,
 Filling her coffers day by day;
 But all her countless treasures fail,
 Because devoid of truth and peace—
 Because she knows not where to bow,
 Therefore do her glories cease,
 Nor e'en their relics faintly show.
 Jesus alone can nations raise
 To a condition truly great—
 Make them the glowing theme of praise,
 Whose virtues shall not soon abate.
 Look at Great Britain, in her glare
 Of joy, increasing hour by hour;
 The light of truth divine is there,
 In all its saving, cheering power.
 Look at our Union, far and wide,
 Extending fast from shore to shore;
 What makes her our delight, our pride?
 Religious light, yea, nothing more:
 By it we islands whole may view,
 From their barbarian rites arise,
 To thoughts and words and actions new,
 Amid the plaudits of the skies;
 Wherever here its light is shed,
 Upon man's dark and dread abode,
 There from their graves shall start the dead,
 That they may love and worship God;

And as before His feet they fall,
His guidance and protection ask,
He listens to their suppliant call,
And makes them in His sunbeams bask.
If they obey His mandates here,
His statutes and His laws fulfil;
While others sink, and disappear,
They shall exist and flourish still.

THE DANGEROUS PROGRESS OF EVIL.

YON oak for ages has been seen,
Expanding in its branches wide;
But not as now, in vigor green,
In lofty and intrepid pride;—
That fond, that grand, majestic tree
Was once a plant in infancy.

Yon conflagration, see it spread,
Regardless of all tears and sighs;
Against it forces strong are led,
But these with ease it all defies;—
Those flames, terrific in their sway,
Were once but embers, void of ray.

So in the moral world, alas!
Enough the bosom to appal;
From little sins men freely pass
To greater, till they sadly fall
To depths, where efforts all are vain
To reach their former rank again.

Behold the murderer in his cell,
With clanking chains his limbs to bind ;
Once with his soul all, all was well,
Affectionate and frank and kind ;—
But by degrees, well understood,
His passions base led e'en to blood.

See, see the drunkard as he reels,
Ready, alas ! with all for strife,
No tenderness he ever feels
For friends, for children, or for wife ;—
Nay, their dread foe, in little sin,
Did his career thus dark begin.

So with the debauchee around,
If you with care his life will trace,
In virtuous paths he once was found,
An honor even to his race ;--
But by degrees at last became,
A man who glories in his shame.

The seeds, when first here seen to sprout,
With greatest ease we can destroy ;
So with the spark, can it put out,
If we the means at once employ ;—
But in our work must never tire,
To blast the oak, or check the fire.

So in the bud with passions, too,
We these can calmly all control;
In their faint risings, fresh and new,
Before, like floods, they sway the soul;
But when that power they once shall gain,
Our efforts all, alas! are vain.

Then why permit them to increase,
Each dawning day, from hour to hour,
Till we in vain shall seek release
From their resistless, fatal power?
Why not e'er guard them in the heart,
Before to actual life they start?

What is the truth respecting vice,
To virtue will, alike, apply;
Experience will the soul entice
On swifter wings aloft to fly:
Ask those around Jehovah's throne,
They all this truth will fondly own.

When panting first for heavenly rest,
Their path was seemingly obscure;
But as they onward daily pressed,
Angels stood ready to allure;—
The higher e'er their flight, the more
With ease and triumph could they soar.

DIVINE INFLUENCES NECESSARY TO SALVATION.

"No man can come to me, except the Father, which hath sent me, draw him."—John, vi. 44.

To come to Christ, in truth, implies
Abasing conflicts, tears and sighs,
 As o'er our sins we bend ;
It is to sink beneath dark gloom,
As worthy of the woes to come,
 Which never, never end.

To come to Christ—it is to place
In His blood and boundless grace
 Our fondest, only trust ;
That when our vision here shall close,
He then may silence all our woes,
 And guard our sleeping dust.

To come to Christ—it is to prove,
By our prayers, as well as love,
 That we are born again ;

It is to show, in heart and life,
That we have waged a lasting strife
 With all the powers of sin.

No other way to life desire,
For God is sure a burning fire
 To those who will rely
On their own prowess, or their skill,
On their own goodness, or their will,
 On aught but Deity.

Rivers, which to the ocean run,
Need the influence of the sun,
 Its pure and fervid glow ;
The heavens must impart their aid,
If e'er the rivers shall be stayed,
 Or waters change their flow.

So he, whose heart by nature feels
The sins which his whole life reveals,
 Can Jesus never see,
Unless a gracious power, divine,
Shall in his bosom fondly shine,
 In all its fulness free.

HEAVEN.

How pleasing here to cast
The eye beyond earth's gloom,
To scenes where joys e'er last,
And in their freshness bloom.
Be still, sad sighs,
Blind murmurs cease,
Beyond the skies
All, all is peace.

Here we but darkly see,
While wanderers below,
In faith, too, disagree,
As Churches round all show:
There, there all clear,
All fondly bright,
Will e'er appear
These scenes of night.

Here direful foes annoy,
Malignant ends desire,
To blast our peace and joy ;
But there, abashed, retire :
Yes, when we die,
In faith and love,
These foes all fly,
All powerless prove.

There, there shall burn within,
A pure, a holy flame ;
No taint of vice or sin
Shall lead to tears or shame :
Can earth allure
Our souls to stay,
When joys thus pure
Their charms display ?

There, too, at Jesus' feet,
Around His blessed throne,
Our kindred we shall meet,
Who have to glory gone :
Count mercies o'er
Fond pæans' swell,
Where friends no more
Shall say—farewell.

Delightful thus to raise,
 'Mid countless hosts our voice,
In songs to Jesus' praise,
 In Jesus' smiles rejoice :
 Be this our aim,
 Our ardent prayer,
 Those joys to claim,
 Those joys to share.

THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

Suggested on being set apart to the same.

AM I the Gospel to proclaim,
So full of grace and love?
Am I to teach in Jesus' Name,
To guide to joys above?
Say, why were not these duties given
To angels to fulfil,
They truly know the way to heaven,
They know their Father's will.

With holy fire, how would they fly
Through vast unbounded space,
Telling how Jesus came to die
For our rebellious race.
But they, like sinners, could not feel
For those of our own kind;
They never could for us reveal
A sympathizing mind.

They could not feel for human tears,
The tears of guilt and sin;
They know not what the spirit bears
When agonized within.

Hence, lo! the great Divine command
Reaches the sinful ear,
Go, preach my Word to every land,
Go, bid the sinner hear.

I am your guardian and your friend,
With you my arm shall go,
Till all your labors here shall end,
Your conflicts and your woe.
With such a friend, why sadly grieve,
Why yield to dark despair?
He all my wants will sure relieve,
I, I shall be his care.

In duty, then, I will be bold,
Sinful and weak at best,
His Gospel I will fain unfold—
Will point to lasting rest.
And will the sinner ne'er be wise,
Nor cast his dreams away,
Will he not labor for the skies,
For pure and endless day?

To aid him in these sighs divine,
My fond employ shall be,

While I on grace alone rely,
Where all the righteous flee.
Make me the instrument to save
But one immortal soul,
And I rich recompense shall have
For all my tears and toil.

RELIGION.

RELIGION, in angelic form,
Would fain arrest man's view,
Alike, in sunshine and in storm
Her plaintive suit renew ;
With open arms and placid brow,
Through overwhelming grace,
The rich and poor, the high and low,
E'er ready to embrace—
To grant their souls all they may need,
'Mid varied changes here,
Effectually for them to plead,
Ere grace shall disappear.

She begs the young, before too late,
To take her as their guide ;
On her in humbleness to wait,
With her fore'er abide,—
Assuring them of heavenly light
O'er all their path below,

At morning, noon-day, and at night,
In all its cheerful glow ;
Of light to lead the humble soul
In ways of truth and peace,
Of light that shall in splendor roll,
When other lights all cease.

To those who half their days have run,
Still loitering by the way,
She says, 'Neath thy meridian sun
My mandates all obey :
Obedience to them here exalts
Man's character and name,
Affording him, with all his faults,
A fond, undying fame ;
While other names are known no more,
These shall for ever shine,
And saints and angels round them pour
Their praises, fresh, divine.

To trembling age, anear the tomb,
She points to scenes on high,
Where life in vigor e'er shall bloom,
Where man no more shall die.
Thither, she says, thine eye now cast—
Thine eye of faith and prayer—
When here a few more days are past,
Those glories shalt thou share ;

Free from infirmity and pain—
From trials long here known,
With spirits perfect thou shalt reign
Around thy Saviour's throne.

To those elated heré with joy,
The passing joys of time,
Whose tendeney is to destroy
All search for joys sublime,
She says—Of joys like these beware,
They all are from the dust,
As changing, and as light as air,
Not worthy of thy trust.

To higher joys, O then aspire,
Than earth has ever given ;
E'er let it be thy fond desire
To live and die for Heaven.

To those in tears she says—Arise,
Unfold thy breast to me ;
Raise, raise thy hopes beyond the skies,
Where tears and sorrows flee.

I, I console the aching breast,
I heal the bleeding wound,
I, I translate to endless rest,
In me all joys abound.

Fly, fly to me in dreary hour,
Thy sorrows to remove,

No other arm here has the power,
No other soul the love.

To all she points in tender strains
To scenes beyond the grave,
Where wrath in all its terror reigns,
Where none the soul can save.
These, these, she says, were once on earth,
All urged from sin to turn,
But, notwithstanding all my worth,
Dared oft my calls to spurn;—
Thousands of worlds would they now give,
Had they the same in store,
Could they again 'neath mercy live,
But mercy now is o'er.

WONDERS OF NATURE AND GRACE.

THE highest mount we often rise,
Creation's wonders to explore,
In stars which glimmer 'mid the skies,
And waves which dash along the shore;—
All, all obey grand Nature's law,
All fill the mind with solemn awe.

But in the Bible we may view
Wonders far more imposing still,
Which to the mind are ever new,
And must the soul with rapture fill;—
Not Alps, nor Andes can afford
Such wonders as Jehovah's Word.

Here are the wonders of the cross,
Which none in nature e'er can see,
A remedy for ev'ry loss,
Where sinners in their guilt can flee;—
All nature's wonders, what are they
To these which never pass away?

Stars from their orbits, all, shall fall,
And swelling oceans cease to roll,
While Gospel truths, and wonders, all,
Shall ever captivate the soul;—
Expanding it with joy and peace,
When Nature and her works shall cease.

Thousands to Nature lowly bow,
Her pleasing scenery admire;
But Gospel beauties would not know,
But rather from them all retire;—
On Nature's God they dare rely,
But from the God of grace would fly.

Let Nature in her wonders shine,
To me they surely are not vain,
While with the Gospel they combine,
They more than admiration gain;—
My best affections thus they move,
My gratitude, my praise and love.

THE INSUFFICIENCY OF MAN FOR THE GOSPEL
MINISTRY.

"Who is sufficient for these things?"—2 Cor. ii. 16.

PAUL saw, with clear and vivid eye,
His ministerial trust,
And hence exclaims, with deep-drawn sigh,
From soul, as in the dust—
Who, who that here glad tidings brings,
Who is sufficient for these things?

If Paul, with eloquence that burned,
With learning truly vast—
If he his own unfitness learned
And on Jehovah cast
Reliance full for grace and power,
Who is sufficient at this hour?

Who is sufficient—who among
The millions of this earth,
That to our sinful race belong,
In talents or in worth,
According to Jehovah's will,
A trust so sacred to fulfil?

Who is sufficient, in the Name
Of Jesus, now above,
His glorious Gospel to proclaim,
In all its depths of love,
Which angels fully would explore,
But cannot, now or evermore?

Who is sufficient to baptize
The soul to Jesus given,
That, by repentance, faith would rise
To fellowship with heaven?
Who can, in his own wisdom, might
Truly perform this sacred rite?

Who is sufficient the great feast
Of Jesus to renew—
The feast of love? Paul, Paul, the least,
In his own humble view,
Who feared, yea, trembled, as He said,
This is my body, this my blood.

Who is sufficient e'en to lead
This Church in holy prayer
To Jesus, her exalted head,
That those who join may share—
Yea, others, too, in what they crave,
Triumph o'er sin, and o'er the grave?

Who is sufficient, as a guide
Or pastor, with delight
To visit all his charge, though wide,
By noon-day and by night,
Lest they should wander far away,
And perish at the final day?

Who is sufficient, 'mid the want
Which daily meets his gaze,
That money or relief to grant,
For which the sufferer prays—
As minister, to take due part
In soothing the dejected heart?

Who is sufficient here to show,
As Christians, (few, we fear,)
Where'er they move, that heavenly glow
Which proves their faith sincere;
And which should clearer, brighter shine
All o'er the path of each divine?

Who is sufficient, who, of all
The whole created race,
For trusts like these, which loudly call
For heavenly strength and grace?
E'en powers angelic here would fail,—
Through Christ alone can man prevail.

OUR SAVIOUR'S ENTRY UPON HIS PUBLIC
MINISTRY.

FROM shades of retirement our Saviour came forth,
From kindred and friends all obscure,
To unfold to the world His splendor and worth,
In rays all effulgent and pure.

To waters of Jordan He humbly is led,
In all His benignance and love,
While the Spirit descends to light on His head,
In the form of an innocent dove.

And, lo! there re-echoes the Father's sweet voice,
Amid all the glories around,
This, this is my Son, in whom I rejoice,
Where truly mine image is found.

With this attestation, decisive, indeed,
From the Father and Spirit on high,
That He is the Saviour whom sinners here need,
His foes in confusion all fly.

Baptized by John, his forerunner and friend,
He ascends from the water once more,
While angels in rapture before Him all bend,
And disciples devoted adore.

And now to the duties for which He here came,
He hastens with fondness, delight,
His glories, both near and afar, to proclaim,
And scatter the darkness of night.

He came here the sinful and wretched to save
From their guilt, corruption, and gloom;
All that He had for us rebels He gave,
And rested a while in the tomb.

From thence He arose to the Father again,
The proofs of His triumphs to bear,
In splendor and glory forever to reign,
In which all the ransomed shall share.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

IN nature, Lord, Thy hand we see,
Directing, ruling all;
At Thy command the tempests flee,
The stars in grandeur fall.

The sparrow, nay, the mote that flies,
The insect of the air,
The meanest dust that lives and dies,
Are objects of thy care.

So, in the moral world, Thy hand
Is seen in all our ways,
As here we yield to Thy command,
Or counter voices raise.

The spirits sad who dwell below,
The angels round Thy throne,
And man on earth, in joy or woe,
Thy providence must own.

For Thy kind care, none are too mean,
None, none too highly soar,
Thy hand, O Lord, 'mid all is seen,
That hand we would adore.

Adore, though all be dark and drear,
As wise, and good, and just;
Adore, when brighter skies appear—
For ever in it trust.

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LITTLE THINGS.

MANKIND who here to wisdom rise,
Those little things will ne'er despise,
Which on the future bear;
Though trifles first to us they seem,
They oft assume a ghastly mien,
Yea, drive to fell despair.

Behold the foul, the noxious weed!
Naught is repulsive in the seed,
The buds are lovely, too;
So animals of savage sort,
When young, can gambol and can sport,
All pleasing to the view.

The water bubbling from the spring,
We to our wishes soon can bring—
Can make it high or low;
But let the stream in torrents swell,
Then who the evil can foretell,
That from that stream shall flow?

Nature aloud this truth displays,
Unfolding, in impressive ways,
 How great things rise from small;
Who now a little spark would dread,
But wait till soon the flames have spread,
 And they our hearts appal.

So in the moral world, we see
That we from little sins should flee,
 Though trifles they appear;
Before they shall, with wide control,
Inflame and desolate the soul,
 Nor leave one ray to cheer.

MANASSEH.

OF all the attributes divine,
To sinners none so dear,
As those which in their lustre shine,
An antidote to fear;
None, none so lovely in their sight,
Amid sin's dark and dreary night,
When tear fast follows tear—
As those which to the cross we trace,
All centring in redeeming grace.

Come unto me, the Saviour cries,
As from His throne above,
Although your sins like mountains rise,
Partake my saving love—
Renouncing freely self and pride,
Hasten with all your wishes wide,
My faithfulness to prove;
Come, I will wash you in my blood,
Will make you wise, and just, and good.

Manasseh listened to the call,
So fitted to allure,
That he to Jews and Gentiles all
Might make the promise sure—
A monument impressive, true,
Of what the love of Christ can do,
For ever to endure;—
Amid all ages to proclaim,
The glories of Emanuel's name.

When seated proudly on his throne,
The throne of Judah high,
Jehovah he refused to own,
E'en dared His power defy;
But unto Baal, mean and low,
In adoration vile could bow,
Inviting others nigh;
While those who with him would not kneel,
Were made his fiery wrath to feel.

His sins were daring, madly so,
His sins of word and deed,
Leading at length to depths of woe,
While impious was his creed.
Than he no baser can we find,
As histories of the human kind,
Both old and new we read;
Like Nero, he could joy to see
The world around in agony.

At last the Assyrian captains come,
And seize him as their prey,
Now sad, forbidding is his doom,
A captive far away ;
From kindred and from home afar,
He yields to overwhelming care,
Till dawned a brighter day ;—
Till o'er his sins his heart could mourn,
And to his father's God return.

Upon his throne hard was his heart,
Extremely base his ways ;
But in his cell the tears fast start,
Succeeded by sweet praise.
The throne, with all its wide control,
Was but a curse unto his soul ;
Not so with darker days :
These hushed the storm within his breast,
These led to everlasting rest.

Say, which is best, a throne or cell,
For mortals here below—
With pride to let the bosom swell,
Or lowly in our woe
To supplicate Jehovah's smile,
Rejoicing with it here awhile,
And then to glory go ;—
Who, who would doubt as to his choice,
With saints or sinners to rejoice ?

THE SCENES OF PENTECOST.

THE day of which the prophets spake,
And promised by the Saviour, too,
Upon the Church is seen to break,
In all its beauties rich and new—
Reflecting o'er our mortal race
Jehovah's vast and boundless grace.

The fond disciples just had seen
Their Lord ascending to the skies,
Their friend, companion He had been,
Indulgent, prudent, faithful, wise;—
And as they heave the mournful sigh,
They raise their hearts and hopes on high.

Lowly they bow and intercede,
With one accord before His throne
And as devoutly thus they plead,
He deigns their ardent prayers to own;—

While faith and zeal expand their breasts,
The Holy Spirit on them rests.

Whate'er the rushing wind might be,
Or cloven tongues of fiery red,
Thereby they clearly, fully see,
The power of their exalted head;—
No longer yielding to affright,
They in these miracles delight.

And while before the Lord they bow,
In ardent prayers and grateful songs,
They diverse languages all know,
And speak with ease in foreign tongues;—
From all the nations of the earth,
They freely speak as of one birth.

Thousands were waiting now to hear
These servants speak of Christ, who died,
not Not[^] to shed the mourning tear,
But his pretensions to deride;—
All these they proudly dare gainsay,
Although effulgent as the day.

'Mid miracles, which might astound
And overwhelm the hardest heart,
Among His foes they still are found
Acting a base, ignoble part;—
With hands still reeking from His gore,
Around His tomb they curses pour.

His servants were but fishermen,
From regions truly low, obscure,
And hence His cause they dare contemn,
As that which could not long endure;—
But though not of the proud and great,
Yet even these upon them wait.

Peter, in tender, melting strains,
Addresses now the audience vast,
And to his glorious end attains,
Which shall through endless ages last;—
Thousands o'er their corruption mourn,
And in true faith to Christ return.

The conquests of that precious hour,
Ages unborn in songs shall tell,
Exhibiting a love and power,
Triumphing o'er all earth and hell;—
Precious the scenes of Pentecost,
Jesus can save the vile and lost.

HUMILITY.

BE humble, sinner, truly so,
In all thy ways on earth;
For pride, alas! drove angels low,
From their exalted worth:
Down to the regions of despair,
As lightning, quick they fell,
No more their sparkling crowns to wear,
No more their joys to tell;—
So Adam, Eve, from Eden's bower,
By pride were forced to fly,
And with their race, by the same power,
To suffer and to die.

Be humble, as to truths divine,
Nor dare the same reject,
Because, as nature, oft they shine
Above man's intellect.
Can mortal creatures ever find,
Unto perfection here,
The first, the great eternal mind—
Make all His wonders clear?
Then let thy soul devoutly kneel,
Before the just, the wise,

Who cannot but the truth reveal,
Though clouds around it rise.

Be humble, as a Christian e'er,
Though high or low thy state,
As such unto the world appear,
As such on Jesus wait:
Bow as a suppliant at His throne,
Thy burdens all there cast,
Making His blood, yea, that alone,
Thy refuge to the last;—
No other hope is half so sweet,
If fairly understood,
As that which, at the mercy-seat,
Rests on atoning blood.

Be humble, striving to proclaim,
From Zion's holy hill,
The truths of Jesus in His Name,
Obedient to His will:
Ne'er dare the sacred desk ascend
Without a contrite heart,
To such the Saviour is a friend,
And will His smiles impart;—
Let foolish pride ne'er sway thy breast,
Nor e'er thy ways control,
While guiding to the realms of rest
The sad, immortal soul.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

WE never to a throne draw near,
A throne below ;
But awe is mingled with our fear,
As there we bow.

Then shall we, Lord, approach Thy throne,
Where glory has for ever shone,
We who are sinners vile, undone,
Nor rev'rence show ?

Shall earthly thrones, in proud array,
Our fears awake ?

Shall we to them our homage pay
With hearts that quake ?

Yet, notwithstanding, dare to fly
Unto the throne of thrones most high,
With bosoms that ne'er heave a sigh
Of trembling guilt ?

Suppliants may indeed be bold
Before Thy face ;
But all their boldness, we are told,
Is that of grace.

While o'er their sins they sadly grieve,
These, these they ask Thee to forgive—
That in Thy presence they may live,
And swell Thy praise.

With Thee they also boldly plead,
Nor fervor feign,
For grace to help in time of need,
Grace to sustain ;
For grace when wealth exerts its power,
For grace when clouds around them lower,
For grace amid their dying hour—
And they prevail.

In vain for grace they cannot sue,
If free from guile ;
Thou, to Thy word forever true,
On them wilt smile ;—
Wilt, from Thy gracious throne above,
E'er kind, indulgent, faithful prove,
Granting those blessings of Thy love,
For which they pray.

LORD JESUS, RECEIVE MY SPIRIT.

Acts, vii. 59.

“RECEIVE my spirit,” Stephen cries,
As foes malignant o’er him bend ;
“Receive my spirit,” and he dies,
To Jesus, a devoted friend.

“Spirit”—man has a soul, we learn,
Which breathes when dust shall pass away—
Which to the Judge shall then return,
To live in darkness, or in day.

Materialists this truth deny,
They say that matter thinks and feels,
That all we have in dust shall die—
Not such the hope that grace reveals.

“My”—as individuals, saints shall live,
The goodness of their God to own ;
And thus to Him their worship give,
And thus to others all be known.

Whate'er we were on earth below,
Our spirits thus shall after be;
The same emotions there shall glow,
Expanding through eternity.

“Receive”—there is a holy place,
Where, with the Saviour, Christians dwell,
To sing the wonders of His grace,
And all His holy triumphs swell.

The Saviour for His children cares,
The objects of His chosen love,
And listens to their dying prayers,
And takes them to His throne above.

Then why the grave should they here dread?
Why startle at the Bridegroom's voice?
There, sighs and sorrows all have fled,
And with the ransomed they rejoice.

The heart is under its control,
Its fond affections—all the soul;
Thus high and holy is the goal
At which it aims.

Our conduct, too, it guides aright,
So that the angels, with delight,
Behold our path as morning light
To noon-day rise.

Without this love we nothing are,
Although of wealth we largely share,
Or dazzling crowns awhile here wear,
And man applaud.

THE REMEMBRANCE OF OUR SAVIOUR.

SOME whom we love we never can forget,
Although beneath the silent sod they lie ;
Their memories are fresh and fragrant yet,
While oft their forms in fancy pass us by.

Upon their virtues we in fondness dwell,
At early morn and so at close of day ;
Though sad emotions may the bosom swell,
That they to us so soon have passed away.

And can we thus our best affections place,
On kindred, friends, who leave us in an hour—
Forgetful of the King of kings, His grace,
His truth, His wisdom, and redeeming power?—

Forgetful of His kind, His tender voice—
Remember me as oft as this ye do ;
As oft as round my table ye rejoice,
And I in glory will remember you ?

With Thy command, O Lord, my heart complies,
As angels in their holy songs attest;
While on Thy pleasing promise I rely,
The pledge of future everlasting rest.

THE WAYS OF GOD,

THOUGH OFTEN INEXPLICABLE NOW, TO BE MADE PLAIN
HEREAFTER.

*“What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know
hereafter!”*

PURE angels, with exalted mind,
As high through space they fly,
Can never to perfection find,
The Lord Jehovah High;
Then how can creatures of the dust,
E'er comprehend the wise, the just—
His awful majesty;
Or how can they e'er understand
The mighty doings of His hand?

Not now thou knowest what I do,
Said Jesus while on earth;
But soon before thy cloudless view,
The reasons shall shine forth;—

The secret of my wide control,
Is the true welfare of the soul
 In all its priceless worth;
And when thou diest, thou shalt own
The gracious goodness of my throne.

The laws of nature, which seem plain,
 Are wrapped in mystery still;
Nor can a Newton proud explain,
 How they their trusts fulfil,—
As onward in their course all go
This, this is all we clearly know:
 They serve Jehovah's will;
But truly how we cannot solve,
How seasons change, or worlds revolve.

So often, too, in providence,
 What strangeness we behold,
As we suppose the evidence
 Of a controller cold;—
But soon eternity will come,
When the designs of all our gloom
 He clearly will unfold,
And we in joy or woe confess
His love, His truth and righteousness.

Here famine, pestilence and war,
 Their thousands sadly slay;

Here slavery, with her iron car,
Drives peace and hope away ;
Here poverty sad fear awakes,
And reason its high throne forsakes,
Nor leaves a single ray—
While friends beloved, not earth can save,
From the cold slumbers of the grave.

For all these evils sad, indeed,
Which often crush the heart,
Saints at last shall see the need,
Blind murmurs all depart ;
The kind compassions of their God,
Will then appear e'en in His rod
While they in wonder start,
That they e'er dared arraign those ways,
Which thus have led to endless praise.

Yea, e'en if lost amid despair,
This will as noon-day shine,
We were the objects of God's care,
Of tenderness divine ;
He sought our peace in all our tears,
Our sighs, our overwhelming fears,
The fault, alas ! was mine ;—
This is my hell, while I retrace
The wonders of afflictive grace.

So mercies, too, in their kind call
Upon us, as they rise,
Have this design, yea, doubtless all
To make man good and wise;
But these, alas! in all their love,
Effectual means but seldom prove
To lead us to the skies;—
Their fondest lessons we forget,
Until, at last, our sun has set.

Sinner, repress rebellious pride
Before it be too late,
Completely in the Lord confide,
Upon Him fondly wait;
He bids thee o'er thy sins to mourn,
By faith in Jesus to return,
To Him thy sovereign great;—
Beware—time flies on rapid wing,
To-morrow may the judgment bring.

Then let us all His grace receive,
In sovereign ways delight,
Amid our darkest hours believe,
That all will soon be right—
Though trials like a deluge swell,
That we shall say, all, all is well,
Beyond the clouds of night,
Where not a foe shall e'er annoy,
Or sorrow rise to mar our joy.

DOING GOOD.

Do good a thousand voices cry,
In strains impressive, clear;
No finite end is half so high,
No labor half so dear.

For this the Saviour came to earth,
In all His boundless love,
Adding new lustre to His worth,
New songs to those above.

'This was below His leading aim,
Yea, even to the tomb;
Undying still is the bright flame
Upon His glorious throne.

Do good, as you the means possess,
To those 'neath sorrow's rod—
Their benefactors in distress,
Their guides in seeking God.

Their benedictions, oh! how sweet,
With angel's smiles in view,
While plaudits from the mercy-seat
To works of faith renew.

These are the works for which we plead,
As o'er man's ills we brood;
These are the treasures which we need,
Immense—of doing good.

Do good, in season, while you can,
Before the hour of death;
For life, alas! is but a span,
A shadow, or a breath.

Soon shall we leave these scenes below,
These scenes of sighs and tears,
Of sorrow and of bitter woe,
For new, unchanging spheres.

In deeds of goodness then delight,
To kindred, strangers, all,
Before the shadows of the night,
Shall o'er your pathway fall.

TO THE REV. DR. VERMILYE,

Of the R. D. Church, New York City.

PERMIT me, sir, to pay
A tribute to thy name,
And thus my heart obey,
While I aloud proclaim
Thy talents high,
Which long have shone,
As none deny
Where thou art known.

I knew thee, sir, and well,
Of the same sacred band,
When we were wont to dwell,
For years and years, at hand;—
The Churches there
Your merits knew,
And witness bear
To praises due.

Nor do the Churches round,
Where you are settled now,
In praises less abound,
As facts abundant show;—
So may it be,
Where'er you move,
Till you shall flee
To joys above.

TO THE REV. DR. FERRIS,

Chancellor of the New York University.

YOUR past'ral toils have proved—
And hence applause command—
That you in these were moved
By motives pure and grand;—
Far from decay,
And smiles which cease,
Looking away
To endless peace.

And in thy present field
Thy merits, sir, still rise,
As all your powers you wield
To make immortals wise;—
God thee befriend,
These efforts bless,
For such an end
Deserves success.

NOAH'S DOVE.

NOAH sent forth a dove,
The ocean to explore,
To find some nook or grove
Where ark might float no more;—
From north to south, from east to west
It could not find a place for rest.

Seeing all effort vain,
She winged, 'mid storms, her way
Into the ark again,
The harbinger of day;—
O'er ocean's vast unbounded space
There was no other resting-place.

So man is seen to roam,
Where'er we turn the eye,
To find, 'mid storms, a home
Where he can safely lie;—
Where billows shall no longer roll
To agitate his restless soul.

To power he bends his knee,
To power, and it alone;
But there, though thousands flee,
No lasting joy is known;—
Although its laurels deck his brow,
To suffer, die, he knows not how.

Riches are now his trust,
To these he looks for joy,
To these, where moth and rust
His brightest hopes destroy;—
But though to millions these increase,
He still is destitute of peace.

To pleasure, lo! he turns,
With fond, devoted heart;
But this, he sadly learns,
Cannot true joy impart;—
Though all its rounds he may pursue,
To hope at last he bids adieu.

To Jesus, then, he bows,
His fond, his saving Friend;
And, lo! his bosom glows
With bliss that cannot end;—
Like Noah's dove, all, all is dark,
Until he rests within the ark.

THE TIME TO PRAY.

WHEN all is still at early dawn,
Though infidels the act may scorn,
 O let my soul repair
To Jesus, on His gracious throne—
My intercessor, Him alone,
 That I His smiles may share.

Also at full meridian day,
With equal fervor let me pray,
 With aspirations high;
And when the sun at eve shall set,
This duty let me not forget,
 In each fond, rising sigh.

Amid the shadows of the night,
Let fellowship be my delight,
 With my redeeming Friend;
Where'er I am, where'er I rove,
O let my soul sincerely love
 Before His throne to bend.

When not a cloud shall intervene
To mar the present joyous scene,
 When friends all fondly smile,
Then in His presence let me bow,
And higher, holier pleasures know,
 Than those which but beguile.

So in the most forbidding hour,
When clouds around my pathway lower,
 And storms and tempests roll;
O let me, then, with suppliant heart,
To Him my varied cares impart—
 The anguish of my soul.

And when the summons I shall hear,
Before thy Judge on high appear,
 Holy, and just, and good;
With humble and confiding breast,
In prayer, O let my hopes all rest
 On His atoning blood.

APPROPRIATE TO THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

THE landscape now with gloom is spread,
No flower is seen, no bird is heard,
And why? Because the sun retires,
With all his light and genial fires;
But let the sun again appear,
And all is joy and gladness there.
Just so, O Lord, shouldst Thou withdraw,
In vain we celebrate Thy law,
In vain the Gospel here resounds,
In sweeter than angelic sounds;
Nor Sinai nor the cross can move
Our listless hearts to swell with love;
But here Thy presence once display,
And all our fears shall die away.
The sinner, taught his sins to mourn,
To God his Saviour shall return;
And, weeping o'er his wand'ring ways,
Shall consecrate to God his days.
The saint, exulting in Thy love,
Shall raise his heart to heaven above,

And, smiling at the silent grave,
In triumph shall its terrors brave;—
Mourners here shall hush their sighs,
And from this altar praise arise.

And soon our hands the palm shall show,
That never fades away;
And soon our songs, for ever new,
Shall rise in endless day;
In glory soon our heads shall beam,
Our hearts shall pant with joy,
And all our sorrows soon shall seem
Blessings without alloy.

O let us, then, this temple prize,
Where incense pure can reach the skies—
The incense of a broken soul—
And blessings in profusion roll,
In answer to our humble prayer,
Directed to God's gracious ear.
Let others revel while below,
And thus the seeds of discord sow;
Be ours the aim to worship God,
And serve Him in this dear abode.

On morning grass the glist'ning dew
Attracts but for awhile,
So does the world its pleasure show
Our souls but to beguile.

But Israel's God can ne'er deceive,
His promises are sure ;
Heaven is the portion He will give,
And heaven shall e'er endure.
O let us, then, this temple crowd,
Here Israel's God adore,
And of His goodness sing aloud,
Till time shall be no more.

And may our hearts and lives evince
The Gospel in its loveliness ;—
May no rude passions ever prove
That we are destitute of love ;—
May our pure motto ever be,
Love, love to all eternity.
And may the heathen world soon feel
The blessings which we here reveal ;
May all their prejudices drear,
With all their idols disappear ;
The pride of learning, may it know
How at the cross of Christ to bow,
And fearful war-whoops die away
Before the break of Gospel day—
And naught be known from sea to sea,
But Gospel love and liberty.

TIME FLIES.

TIME flies beneath divine control,
To haste us to that bourn
From which no fond, immortal soul
Shall ever here return;—
Where are the generations past?
The present, shall it ever last?

Time flies, and we should grateful prove,
Our thanks to heaven display,
For all the countless proofs of love
Which cheer us by the way;—
Our Ebenezers raise anew,
As to each year we bid adieu.

Time flies, and those who here confide.
In kindred or in friends,
In riches, power, or pleasures wide,
Should feel that earth soon ends;—
That lasting joys alone are given
To those whose hearts are fixed on heaven.

Time flies, and saints should onward press,
With vigor and with zeal,
To grow in grace and righteousness,
Nor e'er contented feel—
Until, from all corruption free,
As angels they their God shall see.

Time flies—let ministers fulfil
Their high, their holy trust,
According to Jehovah's will,
Till dust return to dust;—
That from their slumbers they may rise
To swell the anthems of the skies.

Time flies—let all the Church awake,
Her bound'ries to extend,
The armor of her Master take,
Her Leader and her Friend;—
Who, for her, in the darkest hour,
Will rise in all His love and power.

Time flies—let those upon the throne,
Who sceptres o'er man sway,
The King of kings, as Ruler own,
His mandates all obey;—
He is supreme, and e'er demands
Impartial justice at their hands.

Time flies, and we should study well
The wants of all around,
With wishes for their welfare swell,
In acts of love abound;—
As we have means to others give,
And not alone for self to live.

Time flies, with changing scenes ahead,
Which dark to man appear,
While we to joy or woe are led
Through each succeeding year;—
To all on earth these changes come,
In all their bliss, or all their gloom.

Time flies—all, all will soon be o'er,
Our sunshine and our night,
When God around His saints will pour
His everlasting light;—
What greater rapture can man ask,
Than 'neath such rays for e'er to bask?

THE CHURCH—HER CREED AND PRACTICE.

THE Church this doctrine own,
 Though scattered o'er the earth,
 That they, yea all, are one,
 Of one celestial birth;—
 For her they sigh,
 For her they weep,
 Until they die,
 And in dust sleep.

Yet oft in act, alas!
 This truth doth not appear;
 Churches each other pass,
 Though Christ to them be dear—
 Though one in prayer,
 Though one in vow,
 With chilly air,
 And lofty brow.

This truth, too, all proclaim,
 Who on the Saviour rest,
 Although of varied name,
 That sin reigns in each breast—

To mar man's joy,
 Yea, o'er and o'er,
 And souls destroy,
 For evermore.

And yet our prayers how few,
 Our efforts, toils, how cold,
 For those whom here we view,
 Without the Shepherd's fold—
 The sinful flame
 We see arise,
 But, to our shame,
 Repress our sighs.

Again this glaring fault,
 We in the Church oft see,
 The Saviour they exalt,
 In language bold and free—
 His thousand charms
 They paint, and well,
 And in His arms
 Would fain e'er dwell.

And yet they oft prefer
 To Him the joys of time,
 Oft, till too late, defer
 Meetness for joys sublime;—

Would, would indeed,
It were not so,
Would that their creed
In life might glow.

Then would the world abound,
Seeing the Church thus shine,
With virtues all around,
Seeking for hope divine;—
And all our race,
With hand and voice,
Through saving grace,
In God rejoice.

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE PRESENT AND
THE FUTURE LIFE.

IF tares we sow, tares we shall reap,
And thorns from thorns shall grow ;
All nature thus her laws will keep—
We gather what we sow.

So also in the moral field
This truth our minds must strike,
The present will, in future, yield
A harvest, like for like.

If to the flesh as slaves we kneel,
Corruption is our pay ;
If to the Spirit, we shall feel
The joys of endless day.

Though mortal life be but a dream,
Its value sure is vast ;
However vain it now may seem,
Its issues e'er shall last.

Our thoughts, our words, our actions all
Our destiny control,
And smiles or frowns upon us fall
To save or blast the soul.

Then let us, as below we move,
Wisely our time employ,
That we may reign with saints above,
And swell their songs of joy.

THE WISDOM OF THE BEE.

BEEs seek most wisely to provide,
In summer's fruitful day,
As o'er the fields, both far and wide,
They quickly wing their way;—

That when the storms of winter come,
When they have no employ,
Safely, within their teeming home,
They may their fruits enjoy.

Is here the busy bee thus wise,
For coming, distant hour;
While o'er unbounded space it flies,
Sipping from flower to flower?

And shall not man as wisely strive,
To fill his garner now;
That in the future he may live,
Free from all want and woe?

Shall he not thus his wisdom prove,
Man destined for the tomb,
By giving Jesus here his love,
In sunshine and in gloom?

Shall he not ask, yea, plead and plead,
Till to him shall be given
Those blessings, which are ever shed
On all the heirs of heaven?—

That when the harvest shall be past,
The means of grace all o'er,
He may not say, my soul is lost,
Jesus can save no more.

THE WISDOM OF THIS WORLD.

“The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.”

DOES Jesus truly here commend
Vain worldlings, as more wise
Than they who at His footstool bend,
In prayers that reach the skies?

True wisdom is the fear of God,
So says the Word divine;
It trembles at His sacred rod,
And in His ways would shine.

And yet than these they wiser are,
Who no such fear display;
Who in His love would never share—
Then wherefore fear or pray?

Wiser, because one god alone
(The world) they serve with zeal;
And while they worship at its throne,
No sad regrets reveal.

Wiser, because to vows they make
They firm and faithful prove;
Because no frown or smiles can shake
Their constancy and love.

Wiser, because the means they choose
Are suited to their aim;
While they who all such means abuse
Must hide their heads in shame.

Now look at children of the light,
How foolish they appear;
Their hopes all raised to glories bright,
And yet their path seems drear.

To God and Mammon they would bow,
The smiles of each secure;
Hence, hence with spirits servile, low,
These hopes do not endure.

Their promises are like the air,
Or waves along the shore,
Now for the Lord they seem to care,
Now, now for Mammon more.

As worshippers of God Most High,
They turn from means of grace;

And hence in darkness often lie,
Far from His smiling face.

From follies such let Christians turn,
To serve the Good and Great;
And from the worldling wisdom learn,
Before, alas! too late.

THE CHOLERA.

THE morning dawns, and all is gay,
As smiles alluring show;
But ere, alas! the close of day,
Those smiles all yield to woe;—
The pestilence, which stalks around,
Amid our friends hath victims found.

A father fond now bows his head,
A mother yields her soul;
The spirit of a child hath fled,
Beneath divine control;—
A household all at once expire,
Whom angels love and saints admire.

Destroying angel, say, ah! why
Dost thou this course pursue;
Why, why in groups must friends thus die,
And bid to earth adieu?—
Why not a little longer spare
Thy ravages?—why not forbear?

Alas! thou fliest far and near,
While thousands yield to thee;
Some, some unto our hearts most dear,—
Ah, whither shall we flee?—
Who, who the bleeding heart can bind?
Where, where a refuge shall we find?

Amid thy strides we would be still,
Nor, weeping, dare complain;
High purposes thou must fulfil,
To their grand end attain;—
Thou art the servant of the Lord,
His fearful and avenging sword.

Such art thou in thy awful speed,
As we from Scriptures learn;
And while this truth we clearly read,
To Christ we fain would turn;—
With His bland smiles thy blows will prove,
Though in disguise, a Saviour's love.

IDOLATERS.

ARE they idolaters, alone,
Who take their gods from wood and stone,
 And to them bow—
On whom the Gospel never shone,
 In all their woe?

Here, here where Gospel rays now shine,
Where truth and love and grace combine
 To make us wise—
Here, here amid this light divine,
 Do idols rise.

Wealth and power and pleasure, too,
Are idols which delight our view,
 Yea, which we love,
While, for their smiles, we bid adieu
 To joys above.

While heathen idols men adore,
And higher never, never soar,
 They think it right;
Proud reason here can teach no more
 By her dim light.

But we, alas! have no such plea,
While to our varied gods we flee
 With hearts sincere;—
Our destiny we sure must see,
 And that should fear.

While to these idols here we kneel,
This truth, alas! we often feel,
 They all are vain—
No pardon can they e'er reveal,
 No lasting gain.

Say, what can riches here avail,
When we o'er Jordan's stream shall sail,
 Or pomp, or power?
To give relief, they all must fail
 In that dark hour.

What peace or joy can they impart?
What solace yield the trembling heart
 At the last day?
From all such gods we then shall start
 In sad dismay.

THE REVIEW OF LIFE.

REVIEW, each fleeting season cries,
What but a dream appears ;
The past, with all its joys and sighs,
Its anthems and its tears.

The hopes of morning and of noon,
Yea, even those of age,
Like dew, alas! expiring soon,
May well thy thoughts engage.

Review life's sunshine—mercies vast,
Extending far and near,
Which their increasing glories cast,
O'er all thy pathway here.

Review thy own peculiar case,
Thy treasures in their train,
Of nature, providence and grace,
All o'er and o'er again.

Review thy clouds—scenes dark, indeed—
How manifold thy woes ;
Yea, now, perhaps, the sombre weed
Its mantle o'er thee throws.

Review thy sins—alas! how frail,
Is human nature all—
Satan, the world, thy peace assail,
And for resistance call.

Review the past, and grateful prove
To Him whence mercies spring—
The source of being, light and love,
Thy Saviour and thy King.

Review the past, and o'er the gloom
Of sorrows, not a few,
Let resignation sweetly bloom,
With hope unfading, true.

Review the past, and o'er each sin,
Which presses on thy soul,
Let penitential tears begin,
Profusely, long to roll.

Review the past, then haste, yea, fly
To Jesus, as thy friend;
On Him, for future joys rely,
Till all thy tears shall end.

Soon, soon shall cease these tears that flow,
These sorrows all be gone,
And 'thou eternal raptures know,
Around thy Saviour's throne.

HYMN FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

O LORD, Thy blessed influence give
To plants now rising here,
That by Thy breath they may revive,
Improving year by year.

Nourish, we pray, the tender root
With rains and early dew,
And cheerful sun, that they may shoot
Delightful to Thy view.

The branches prune, we also pray,
That richly they may bear,
And by their fruits the Church repay,
For her endearing care.

Their foliage, may it sweetly prove,
Beneath the sun's bright rays,
A shade to all who thither rove,
To swell Jehovah's praise.

Or if called hence in early morn,
May they abide with Thee,
Thy paradise above adorn
Throughout eternity.

Or if to age they here shall grow,
May none from them recoil,
Ready, though storms and tempests blow,
For a celestial soil.

“GOOD IS THE LORD.”

“Good is the Lord” all angels cry,
While fast from worlds to worlds they fly—
“Good is the Lord,” who reigns on high,
For evermore.

Earth, earth repeats the angelic praise—
“Good is the Lord” in all His ways,
And loudly thus its homage pays
To His kind hand.

Sun, moon and stars the truth proclaim,
In every bright and burning flame—
Yea, all creation does the same,
In sweetest strains.

Hell cannot e'er the truth efface—
Although it sometimes sinks apace,
Among our fallen sinful race,
It still revives.

Our ransomed race, who proudly fell,
Their gratitude will ever swell,
To Him who saves from death and hell
The humble soul.

Around His everlasting throne
His goodness they in songs will own,
As debtors to His blood alone
For all their joys.

GOD IS A SPIRIT.

WHAT is a spirit? hard to tell—
Hard for a finite mind,
Though on it, it intensely dwell,
An answer true to find;—
Immaterial, e'er the same,
A subtle, an immortal flame.

God is a spirit, all believe,
Enjoying Gospel light,
With pleasure fond the truth receive,
Their solace, their delight;—
While heathen (would their night were o'er)
Base forms as Deity adore.

Man has a spirit, too, within,
For ever to endure,
Though holy once, now slave of sin,
Till God shall make it pure;—
Beyond all price is such a soul,
To last while endless ages roll.

So are the angels, spirits high,
Immortal made, yea, all;
Like man, their Maker could defy,
Like man from glory fall;—
All these are finite, though they dwell
In bliss celestial, or in hell.

Not so with God, He is, we own,
A self-existent power;
The Infinite upon His throne,
While these are far, far lower;—
All these, though spirits, sink in view
Of the Eternal, Just, and True.

He is their Sovereign, He their King,
Whose will they must obey;
To Him they offerings fondly bring,
To Him their homage pay;—
Or if consigned to realms of woe,
In chains unto His mandates bow.

God is a spirit, hence above,
Rebellion foul and base;
Though foes combine, they cannot move,
Or e'en His footsteps trace;—
Their arrows sharp may fly around,
But must abortive all be found.

God is a spirit, hence how vain
 His image here to paint,
 A portrait of Him to obtain,
 However feeble, faint;—
 A spirit, will man strive to show
 Unto his fellows here below?

Where'er God's worshippers convene,
 In faith and humble prayer,
 There is the Lord Jehovah seen,
 For He is every where;—
 We want no image this to learn,
 For, lo! He is where'er we turn.

God is a spirit, and demands
 Far more than forms on earth—
 The splendid worship at our hands
 May be of little worth;—
 To render a true sacrifice,
 Above all forms our hearts must rise.

Whom have we, Lord, in heaven but Thee?
 On earth sure none beside;
 Therefore to Thy throne we flee,
 Devoid of pomp and pride;—
 Sure, only to the contrite heart
 Wilt Thou Thy gracious smiles impart.

Not for Thine essence do we ask,
For this is only Thine;
But in Thy rays we fain would bask,
Thy comforts all divine;—
These are the blessings we implore,
Vouchsafe them us, we ask no more.

THERE IS A GOD.

THERE is a God nature attests,
 Wherever man may rove,
The earth, on nothing as it rests,
 The firmament above—
Each twinkling star, the blazing sun,
The flower that buds, each, one by one.

Such wonders what could e'er control,
 Each passing day and hour—
Cause them to blossom or to roll,
 But self-existent power?—
Without that power almighty, true,
Chaos again would soon ensue.

The curious, noble form of man,
 Now moving on the earth,
Its properties minutely scan,
 Then say who gave it birth,—
View, view alone the sparkling eye
And can you Deity deny?

Then, then again the soul survey,
A spark of heavenly flame,
To live when earth shall pass away,
Eternally the same;—
From naught this surely could arise
But power supreme, almighty, wise.

And, if from God the casket came,
The cabinet so fine,
The precious jewel sure may claim
An origin divine;—
Atheists, can they e'er be found,
Where of a God such proofs abound.

The conscience speaks in language clear,
By few misunderstood;
Accusing or excusing here,
As men are—vile or good;—
Pointing to an eternal throne,
Where God will all cast off or own.

All nations in this truth unite,
Though heathen they remain,
The darkest have sufficient light,
To worship though in vain;—
Though to a Jupiter they kneel,
Faith in a God they still reveal.

GOD : HIS SOVEREIGNTY.

AS WE survey this wide-spread earth,
Though men have souls of equal worth,
How vastly different is their birth
And parentage.

In mansions some first see the light,
With early scenes all joyous, bright,
And pleasure sailing in their sight
Until they die.

Others in hovels here are born,
And from their parents early torn,
That they a livelihood may earn,
Scanty, indeed.

In heathen lands how many live,
Their fond, their best affections give,
To idols who can ne'er forgive
Or save the soul.

As sov'reign He does not unroll
The reasons which His ways control,
Respecting each immortal soul,
While here below.

We on His wisdom, love, should rest—
His dealings all are for the best,
As saints in anthems loud attest,
Beyond the grave.

GOD IS INFINITE.

NOT as the bright, meridian sun,
Does God pervade this earth,
By genial influence, that alone,
A blessing of vast worth ;—
But by His essence well as care,
Is present always, every where.

No matter where on wings we fly,
Throughout creation grand,
To scenes below, or scenes on high,
His essence is at hand ;—
And while He boundless space thus fills,
All, all things knows, yea, e'en our wills.

Nothing from Him we can conceal,
By stratagem or art,
No joy or sorrow that we feel,
No swelling of the heart ;
No secret can we hide away,
For night to Him is as the day.

Then let His foes no more rejoice,
No more of safety dream,
No more exult in heart and voice,
'Cause sins forgotten seem ;—
When to His bar their souls are brought,
On record will be found each thought.

Nor let His friends remain in gloom
Because afflicted, poor,
Though this on earth may be their doom,
Their happiness is sure ;—
He sees each falling, bitter tear,
And will their sighs and burdens bear.

God sets His bounds unto the sea,
Says, thus far shalt thou swell—
To cherubim, where they shall flee—
Yea, to the rage of hell ;—
But to Himself there is no bound,
Is not, or ever can be found.

Boundless in His pure presence e'er,
As well as knowledge vast,
All glorious must His Name appear,
While angels well may cast,
As they surround His mercy seat,
Their splendid crowns before His feet.

Then how shall man e'er dare to bow
 Before His august throne,
Whose heart can never be too low,
 Or too much weakness own?—
Before the sun stars sink apace,
So, so must man before God's face.

If infinite the first great cause,
 Let sinners in Him trust,
To magnify His holy laws,
 In saving the unjust;—
He gave His Son, in boundless love,
That sinners might His fulness prove.

On millions though the sun may shine,
 Its light does not decrease;
So is it with the rays divine
 Of love, and joy, and peace;—
Though worlds they save from sin and woe,
Changeless the source from which they flow.

THE WISDOM OF GOD.

No attribute e'er shines more bright,
From God's eternal throne,
Than wisdom, splendid beam of light,
As spirits pure all own ;
We see it in creation fair,
Where'er we turn the eye,
The rolling earth, the sea, the air,
The firmament on high.

We see it in the lovely flower,
The countless stars that shine—
Not monuments alone of power,
But wisdom all divine ;
We see it in God's dealings, too,
His providence and law,
In all these wonders, old and new,
Which fill the mind with awe.

We see it, on Judea's plains—
The manger sad, forlorn—
As angels, in their sweetest strains,
Proclaim a Saviour born.

We see it in each step He takes,
In all His movements free,
As fetters of the grave He breaks,
Or bids the blind to see.

We see it in His bitter tears,
As He the cross ascends,
As also in the thorns He wears—
His love for foes and friends ;
We see it, 'mid His cries and groans,
As He our ransom stood—
In what, for all our guilt atones,
His precious, dying blood.

We see it, too, as from the tomb,
With angels His escort,
He rises—glory to resume,
Amid the heavenly court.
Shall mortals then e'er murmur loud,
Complainants proudly be,
As mysteries around them crowd,
In heaven, and earth, and sea?

Can they improve, with all their skill,
Creation's vast expanse,
Whose noble works their ends fulfil,
As onward they advance?

All, all in their appointed place,
All, all in their own sphere,
A change were fatal to our race,
As might at once appear?

Or shall they controvert the plan,
A wiser one propose,
To rescue—save rebellious man,
From all his sins and woes?
Than faith in Jesus—truth sublime—
Its wonders, who can tell?
All which, beyond the clouds of time,
Our endless songs shall swell.

Or shall they always hopeless stand,
As waves of sorrow roll,
Because their Father's gracious hand
Sadly afflicts their soul?
Though clouds our pathway may surround,
As we with treasures part,
Love, truth and mercy e'er abound,
To cheer the mourning heart.

The Lord knows what is for the best,
Will wisest means employ—
Through storms can guide to endless rest,
Where all is peace and joy.

Thus, when He Joseph here would raise
To an exalted reign,
Through sad, through dark, mysterious ways,
Does He His end attain.

So, too, with thousands here below,
The choicest friends of God,
They pass through seas of bitter woe,
Oft feel the scourging rod—
Before to fame or wealth they rise,
Or share redeeming love,
To shine resplendent in the skies,
'Mid happier scenes above.

GOD : HIS MERCY.

OF all the attributes divine,
Which round Jehovah's throne e'er shine,
None, none on which we so recline
As saving love.

Mercy—than Peru's wealth more dear—
To those who shall at last appear
Before their holy Judge, to hear
Their final doom.

By reason's rays, dim, dim at best,
Sinners have naught on which to rest,
As millions in their gloom attest,
When here they die.

Though mercy sits upon the throne,
Yet reason sad, when left alone,
Knows not for whom it e'er has shone—
All, all is dark.

For whom, for whom does mercy flow?
Inquire the heirs of guilt and woe.
The answer we can never know
By reason's rays.

How precious, then, the Gospel light,
Which dissipates the clouds of night,
And teaches, to our fond delight,
Forgiving love!—

Which brings the Saviour to our view,
In mercy rich, and grand, and new;
And sweetly says, Come, bid adieu
To sin and tears!

Jesus, in His exhaustless love,
Left His resplendent throne above,
And came, angelic songs to move,
A babe on earth.

He came, a bright and morning star,
To drive our gloom and fears afar,
That sin no more might prove a bar
To hope and peace.

He came to guide our erring ways,
To save our souls, our dust to raise,
And lead to glory and to praise
Beyond the grave.

Had He not, in His boundless grace,
Assumed the guilty, wretched place
Of our degraded fallen race,
All now were gloom.

Then let our songs, O Lord, arise,
As grateful incense to the skies,
That mercy hears our tender sighs
And grants us peace.

AFFLICTION.

THOUGH clouds may oft surround
Jehovah and His throne,
Behind them smiles abound,
As millions freely own ;—
He reigns above,
And millions praise
His darkest ways,
As ways of love.

With health and spirits high,
Kind friends and riches all,
On which our hearts rely,
We never fear a fall—
Till changes come,
And then, aware
How weak we are,
We sink in gloom.

So in the summer's glow
The gayest insects play,
Till winds of winter blow,
And sweep them all away ;—
Thus storms prevail,
And man soon feels,
What truth reveals,
That he is frail.

The air which we inhale,
As well as morbid sky,
Are cleared by the gale,
By storms which terrify ;—
And thus each pain,
Each bleeding loss
Refines from dross,
And proves our gain.

In hope we then may mourn—
If Jesus be our friend
His smiles will soon return,
And cheer us to the end ;—
The sun once more
Will brightly shine,
And light divine
Around us pour.

These smiles relieve the aching breast,
As souls redeemed can all attest,
While on Thy bosom, lo! they rest,
Without a fear.

Though foes their souls may oft affright,
Yet in Thy presence they delight—
Their song by day, their hope by night,
While pilgrims here.

And when from earth they shall arise,
And join the holy, just and wise,
The bliss and glory of the skies
Will be Thy love.

THE HOLY ANGELS.

OF angels pure we nothing know,
Save what the Sacred Scriptures show,
Which teach that they, as seraphs, glow
 Around God's throne.

When earth from chaos proudly came,
In honor of Jehovah's Name,
They loudly in sweet songs proclaim
 Their fervent joy.

On that auspicious, pleasing morn,
When Christ, our Saviour, here was born,
They by their presence bright adorn
 The sacred scene.

So in the garden, sad and drear,
When crucifixion vile was near,
In all their glory they appear
 To cheer His soul.

Around His tomb, at early day,
They love and vigilance display,
And roll the massive stone away,
And enter in.

As He to glory would ascend,
They, from celestial spheres, all bend
To Him, and countless legions lend
To aid His flight.

As, 'mid their missions, angels learn
That sinners here to God return,
With eager wishes, lo! they burn
The news to spread.

The Church on earth they ne'er forsake,
But in her need with zeal awake,
And through her circles errands take
Of fondest love.

Each Christian they on earth surround,
In sorrow with their smiles abound,
And at the gate of death are found
Dispelling fears.

So when the final day shall come,
When Christ shall call us from the tomb,
Amid surrounding awe and gloom,
They will be there.

Upon their wings the saints shall fly
From silent dust, where low they lie,
To realms of bliss and glory high,
E'er there to dwell.

So when the Judge shall cast aside
His foes, in all their swelling pride,
With fiends for ever to abide,
His praise they sing.

Hence all the varied sighs and tears,
Of future and successive years,
With all the crimes our nature rears
To chill the heart.

In all our Saviour's woes they led;
In malice, lies, were at the head;
Nor ceased, until they saw Him dead,
And in the tomb.

Their efforts, too, were strong and bold,
To kill His servants, young and old,
As in the Scripture we are told
In melting strains.

Nor do their foulest efforts cease,
To mar and to destroy the peace
Of those who here would seek release
From their dread reign.

Though still in chains, they oft repair
To habitations bright and fair,
And fill the inmates with despair—
Sad, sad indeed.

Our thanks most fervent here should rise,
That He, who reigns above the skies,
Their power and malice all defies,
And ever will.

He soon shall call them to His bar,
To answer for their fiendful war
Against His throne, and drive them far
To endless chains.

MAN.

WHEN earth was made all fair and good,
The sacred three in council stood,
While o'er their works, in pleasing mood,
They thus resolve :

“ Let us,” exclaim the three in one,
Exalted on their august throne,
“ In our own image, that alone,
Mankind create.”

And in that image, bright and fair,
Free from all sin, and toil, and care,
With such a crown as angels wear,
Adam appears.

In all his dignity to grace
Fair Eden, his fond dwelling-place,
Which naught, it seems, could e'er deface
But rising sin.

THANKS.

THANKS on this day, thanksgiving day,
Let all mankind around,
(Within the call,) to God display,
Yea, thanks sincere, profound.

Thanks to the Lord, for what He is,
And was, and e'er shall be,
Supreme in glory and in bliss,
Throughout eternity.

Thanks for the countless suns that shine,
To lighten this dark earth;
Still, still for blessings more divine,
Of pure, celestial worth.

Thanks, too, that in creation's scale
So high a rank we hold,
For souls whose powers shall never fail
Their wonders to unfold.

Thanks to the Lord, whose love ne'er ends,
For freedom's glorious light,

Which e'er its fond enchantment lends
To make our pathway bright.

Thanks for our kindred, social love,
For each endearing smile,
Which fain misfortunes would remove,
Or mitigate awhile.

Thanks, too, that from the east and west,
From all our vast domain,
Harvests, abundant and the best,
Delight us with their gain.

Thanks, while diseases, far and near,
Malignant, foul and dread,
Have slain their thousands, we appear
The living 'mong the dead.

Thanks, that while fearful wars increase,
Throughout the eastern world,
Banners alone of smiling peace
Among us are unfurled.

Thanks that the arts and science, too,
Their triumphs loud proclaim;
That commerce, with her wonders new,
Is wafting far our fame.

Thanks that the Gospel all of grace,
Reveals a shield 'gainst sin,

That beams from our Redeemer's face,
Illumine all within.

Thanks that the grave has lost its gloom
To all in faith's employ,
That now its portals only seem
The vestibules to joy.

THE FLIGHT OF ADAM.

“*Where art thou?*”—Gen. iii. 9.

WHERE art thou, Adam? wherefore dost thou fear
Thy God, thy Maker, to thy soul once dear;
In whom but yesterday thou didst rejoice,
But now, alas! art trembling at His voice?
Say, what has brought this change across thy mind—
Am I not still almighty, faithful, kind—
In all my dealings good, and wise, and just?
Then why forbear in me, thy God, to trust?
I placed thee high in proud creation's scale,
While angels hoped thou there wouldst never fail,
Proving a blessing to the world around,
Where'er thine image might on earth be found.
But in an evil and unguarded hour,
Thy soul, lo! yielded to the tempter's power;
Hence thou shalt die, and all that from thee flow,
The heirs of guilt and everlasting woe!
“Where art thou, Adam?” child of swelling pride,
Expecting from thy Maker thus to hide:

Darkness and light are both alike to me,
And from my presence man shall never flee.
I see thee, Adam, as thou truly art,
All, all the anguish that corrodes thy heart;
I see thy soul, all, all that reigns within,
Thy deep corruption where thy woes begin;—
A guilty conscience now disturbs thy breast,
By it, yea, it alone, thou art oppressed.

So was it then, and since has ever been,
Yea, so will always prove, as will be seen;
So was it with the king before his fall,
When he beheld the writing on the wall.
His conscience smote him; hence his awful fears,
As from the sequel in full light appears;
Hence, too, amid his degradation, chains,
The mighty power that Paul o'er Felix gains.
As all his sins appear in vivid light,
The ruler trembles—well, indeed, he might;
Hence all the anguish and the bitter dread
In Adam's bosom. Peace and hope had fled,
While he was seeking, but in vain, alas!
From stings of conscience and from God to pass.

“Where art thou, Adam?” Shall thy Maker high
Leave thy sad soul in hopelessness, to die?
I pity thee, and all the human race,
And in my Son will show my boundless grace.

Thy seed the serpent's head shall surely bruise,
And from his reign thy spirit I will loose;
My Son, in all His rich and priceless worth,
Shall live, and suffer, and expire on earth—
Shall rise again in triumph from the grave,
Able and willing humble souls to save.

Where art thou, Christian, servant of the Lord?
Do all thy words and acts high proof afford,
That thou art walking in that holy way
That leads to perfect and to endless day?

Where art thou, sinner?—guilty, vile, impure,
Thy inward torments wilt thou here endure,
For pleasures which afford but fleeting joy,
And, in the end, thy life, thy soul destroy?

BENEVOLENCE.

THE world may love (but sure deserves no praise)
The man who ever walks in wisdom's ways,
Who in the smile of conscience puts his trust—
The good, the brave, the honest, and the just.
With ease we love a fond, devoted child,
Or friend, by nature to us close allied ;
But to extend our love abroad, afar,
Is that with which our nature is at war :
To love our enemies, and do them good,
Is by the world but little understood.
In social friendship here we can but love
The man whose words and ways our hearts approve ;
The more his virtues in their beauty rise,
The more attractive he to our fond eyes.
But in benevolence this is not true,
We love, though guilt and wretchedness we view ;
Nay, love the more as crimes and woes increase,
And long to raise such souls to joy and peace.
Christ left His sceptre and His heavenly crown,
That He the vilest might as friends here own ;

For them awhile He lingered on the cross,
Not for the gold, but even for the dross;
And now presents them at His Father's shrine,
As trophies of His power and love divine.
Such was the love in His apostles, too,
A love which with delight the angels view:
They gazed around, and saw a ruined race,
Longing to see them all the heirs of grace;
No limits here could this desire control,
Extending widely to each human soul.
Yea, so intense was this one fond desire,
For its attainment they could e'en expire;
They feared not once the dark, the cruel grave,
If they their fellows here from guilt could save.
E'en death by torture, they could well endure,
If thus this noble end they might secure;
And other spirits, since their pleasing day,
Have also gloried in love's grand display.
Howard here meets the fixed, admiring eye,
As o'er the continent we see him fly
To cure the sick, to heal the bleeding heart,
And unto outcasts hope and peace impart.
He lives and dies, the friend of all below,
His leading object e'er to solace woe;
Before him fly the clouds of darkest gloom,
While millions still are weeping o'er his tomb;
Yea, will, till Jesus shall awake the dead,
And tears o'er sepulchres no more be shed.

So other stars have risen, and have set,
Whose cheering light the world can ne'er forget;
And others still shall here impart their light,
In which a ruined world will long delight:
Thus shall they rise, around their light to pour,
Till death and sorrow here are known no more.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

IF you sincerely wish to know
What constitutes true bliss below,
 What makes a happy home ;
If you a family would view,
Where joys are neither small nor few,
 Say, whither would you roam ?

From wealth true bliss does not arise,
Which from our grasp so often flies,
 As facts abundant show ;
Nor stately power, exceeding, vast,
Which, though it here awhile may last,
 Leads oft, alas ! to woe.

Neither in pleasure, vain and gay,
Where fashion holds despotic sway,
 In all her giddy round—
Where music, with enchanting smile
And gaudy train, the hours beguile,
 Are joys substantial found.

But where affection, true, sincere,
The mutual smile, the mutual tear,
 The temper mild, serene ;
With system, labor fond combine,
And prudence, virtues all divine,
 There bliss is truly seen:

But e'en this bliss, enticing now,
Will soon all lose its fervent glow,
 Like morning dew be gone ;
But with religion in the heart,
Soon all shall meet, no more to part,
 Around the Saviour's throne.

THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

To Lazarus, who in his grave now lies,
Come, let us haste, Jehovah, Jesus cries.
But why this visit fond so long delay,
Till ling'ring hope, alas! had passed away?
He saw the progress of the fell disease,
And might have stayed it with the utmost ease;
He saw him struggle with the tyrant, Death,
And heard, 'mid sighs and tears, his parting breath.
Then why not ere this sad, this fatal hour,
Display unto the world almighty power?—
Why not before a victim of the grave,
This brother from the dreary conflict save?
Mary and Martha were to Jesus dear,
As from His actions and His words appear:
He at their fireside fond had often sat,
And all their smiles and kindness ne'er forgot.
Their home was happy, He could well attest,
While He was fearful *there* their hearts might rest,
Forgetful of the scenes and joys above,
Which, like their living Source, eternal prove.
Hence He would lead them to the silent tomb,
To all its darkness and surrounding gloom;

That as earth was, it so to them might seem,
In all its pleasures but a passing dream—
And they rejoice if they could but secure,
Those higher joys awaiting all the pure.

But not alone for them was Jesus glad,
That they in dark and mourning weeds were clad ;
He looks beyond their dark, their dreary home, ,
O'er the wide world through ages yet to come,
And clearly sees, yea, at a single glance,
How thus His glory He shall here advance.
So He was glad, 'mid Joseph's sighs and tears,
'Mid all his anguish and o'erwhelming fears,
When lying in His dark and dismal cell,
Because He knew all, all would soon be well,
And Jacob hear again His well-known voice,
And, 'mid the splendor of his court, rejoice ;
And Israel all, thus in the sequel find,
Their covenant God, almighty, faithful, kind.
Thus He was glad when, in the tyrant's ire,
Three Jews were cast into the flames of fire—
That they in safety might those flames defy,
Raising their banner (in His Name) most high,
And all the world, as ages onward roll,
Sincerely bow unto His wise control.

Though in these sisters' grief He largely shares,
Yet He is glad, as He himself declares,

When they were weeping o'er their brother's grave,
Because He there could prove His power to save
The cold remains beneath the silent sod,
And thus establish His high claims as God ;
Yea, thus afford his friends, 'mid all their sighs,
A hope, which o'er the tomb is seen to rise,
Above the fear of death and crumbling dust,
To mansions in the skies for all the just.

Though Lazarus was dead, the Saviour, still
Obedient to His Father's holy will,
Would to His silent resting-place repair,
That there His arm He might at once make bare :
He goes with His disciples in the train,
Till all the dwelling of the sisters gain.
Thence, lo ! their solemn, dreary steps are led,
Until they reach the mansions of the dead.
Arriving there, the God of heaven and earth
Says, "Lazarus, arise ; arise, come forth."
The spark of life within his breast now burns,
While o'er his pallid cheek the flush returns ;
His eyes he opens, sees his friends around,
Who all embrace him and in joy abound.
Jesus they love, than ever now far more,
And at His feet their grateful offerings pour ;
Then to their homes return, beneath His rays,
To live and die to His eternal praise.

This deed will in the Church for ever live,
And to its Author endless glory give.

DOUBT NOT.

DOUBT not a God, the Lord Supreme,
Eternal and all wise,
Whose attributes in splendor beam
Where'er we turn our eyes;—
The God of nature, beauteous, grand,
Who endless praises shall command.

Doubt not His wisdom, love, or power,
Which everywhere are seen,
In suns that shine, in clouds that lower,
In fields and pastures green,—
In streams as they meander long,
Or Philomena's plaintive song.

Doubt not a God, the First Great Cause,
Of worlds as well as men;
The author of those perfect laws,
Written by nature's pen;—
Upon the conscience of each soul,
Immortal 'neath divine control.

Doubt not the Lord most High,
 When He to mortals speaks
In words inspired, nor e'er ask why
 Such messages He makes;—
He cannot err when to our race
He here unfolds His wrath or grace.

Doubt not His doctrines, no, not one,
 Though odious in thy view;
They issue from His glorious throne,
 Must therefore all be true;—
That throne is spotless, always so,
And from it naught but truth can flow.

Doubt not His promises, all kind,
 Not one has ever failed,
Although by earth and hell combined,
 Fouly and long assailed;—
Nor shall one fail, it cannot be,
In time or through eternity.

Doubt not in pride His threatenings here,
 Wherever thou shalt rove,
Though they at times may seem severe,
 They emanate from love;—
He seeks thy present, endless peace,
Hence, in His warnings cannot cease.

Doubt not at all, O sinners great,
Thy father's heavenly will,
His law He never will abate,
But every jot fulfil;—
The law condemns, and yet He can
Forgive and save rebellious man.

Doubt not, O Christian, soon, yes, soon,
When heart here throbs no more,
In one eternal blaze of noon,
Thy soul shall fondly soar,—
With myriads round Thy Saviour's throne,
Where not a doubt or fear is known.

A PASTOR'S FAREWELL.

THOU sacred desk, farewell,
Where, for half my present life and more,
It was my pleasing effort to implore
A blessing on my flock, and preach that Word,
Which can and will salvation true afford
Unto the soul—farewell.

Ye many souls farewell,
Who, humbly awed by majesty divine,
And wooed by love, did in your faith recline
On Jesus' breast, and to the world proclaim
(While 'neath my charge) the glories of His Name,
In heart and life—farewell.

Ye sinners, too, farewell,
To whom my labors arduous, all were vain;
Who only sought distinction here to gain,
'Mid mortals frail, by fleeting wealth and show,
With prayer and bleeding heart, from you I go—
Ye loved ones all—farewell.

Ye married ones, farewell,
Who, in the zeal and fulness of the heart,
Vowed from each other never here to part,
Till death, sad death, alas! should intervene;
Revert again—again unto the scene,
And faithful prove—farewell.

Scenes of my youth farewell—
Scenes of my riper and maturer years—
Scenes of delight, as well as sighs and tears—
Ye scenes farewell, where often I have trod,
In converse with my Saviour and my God,
Ye pastoral scenes farewell.

THOMAS PAINE.

WHEN Paine, who sadly wrote, to gain a name,
And damn himself to everlasting fame,
The "Age of Reason," to the world preferred,
To prove that all mankind, but he, had erred ;
Then Infidelity with magic wand,
Swift as a comet circled round our land—
Declared religion was but priestly craft,
And at all faith and duty loudly laughed.
Her matted tresses o'er her shoulders hung,
And round her form a monstrous serpent clung ;
The self-same snake in Paradise, which gained
The heart of Eve, and innocence first stained ;
Intent on mischief, 'twas his part to serve
His mistress' will, and teach the young to swerve.
See that bent form o'erclouded by disease,
While pain and conscience shake his feeble knees.
Scarce thirty years have crowned his hoary head,
Ere joy, and hope, and balmy peace have fled ;
But view him when a schoolboy, full of glee,
The happiest of the happy then was he—

His lessons, too, so easily he learned,
That every medal from the class he earned;
Then every evening at the throne of heaven
He thanked his God for all the blessings given;
And when, his school years ended, he received
The highest prize, his youthful heart believed,
If he the path of science, learning trod,
That fame and fortune waited at his nod.
Now free from all the discipline of schools,
His parents' lectures and restraining rules,
He seeks the path down pleasure's flowery vale,
And riots on the odor of each gale—
That freshly rises from each blooming flower,
That springs, and buds, and dies within an hour:
But soon his conscience bids him quickly turn,
Nor seek the lab'rinth of the place to learn.
Too late the warning comes, for at his side
Stands Infidelity, his new-found guide;
Pleased with her charms, he smothers conscience'
 voice,
And drowns its murmurs with perpetual noise.
At first he laughed to see the treacherous die
Sleep in the box, or through the fingers fly;
Till, bolder grown, he formed one in the ring,
And proved so dextrous that they hailed him king.
This was the time when fortune on him smiled,
And he was courted as her favorite child.

But ere his morning sun its zenith gained,
The fickle goddess all his arts disdained ;
Now want, disease, and scorn his steps pursue,
And press him harder as he flies from view.
To inebriety's foul haunts he steers,
And drinks oblivion to his hopes and fears—
Scorned by the world, he strives the world to fly,
His only hope, yet greatest fear, to die.

THIRD CHAPTER OF MALACHI.

THE Jews were favored, highly so,
'Bove all the nations round,
Enough to make their bosoms glow
With gratitude profound.

How can they, we at once exclaim,
E'er otherwise than raise
Unto Jehovah's glorious Name
Harmonious songs of praise?

But, lo! alas, instead of these,
Base murmurs freely rise;
The Lord, their God, they dare displease,
His laws and works despise.

God's service, they contend, is vain,
Few joys thereby ensue;
His foes to higher wealth attain,
To higher pleasure, too.

Return to me, Jehovah saith,
Bow at my altar dear ;
Return in penitence and faith,
For death is ever near.

But they retort, in sullen mood,
With hearts all proud and stern,
Our lives, our inmost souls, are good,
How, how shall we return ?

Will dust, poor, feeble, mortal dust,
Inquires the One in Three,
Presume to rob the Wise, the Just?—
Yet ye have robbed me.

This cutting challenge, charge, reproof,
Can not their souls dismay ;
Their sins, thus gathered in a group,
They view with spirits gay.

Transgressions they would not confess,
For these they did not feel ;
While in their proud self-righteousness
They airy hopes reveal.

Still, still the Lord would gracious prove,
Though they rebellious are ;
Would visit them in boundless love,
Their burdens fondly bear.

But if they mercy will not crave,
E'er glory in their sin,
Until they reach the silent grave,
Hope ne'er shall beam again.

For then, alas! would come that hour
Which must their souls appal,
When they must feel avenging power,
In full, beyond recall.

But though transgression had prevailed
Throughout the Jewish land,
Faith and prayer had not yet failed
In one small chosen band.

Then they that feared the Lord, yea, oft
Unto each other spake,
In words affectionate and soft,
Their energies to wake.

God hears their humble, fervent prayers,
A book of record keeps,
Of each who for His glory cares,
Who o'er transgression weeps.

These, these the Lord declares are mine,
Mine, mine they are on earth;
And as my jewels they shall shine,
In heaven, of priceless worth.

HOW SHALL THE CHURCH ARISE?

How shall our Zion, dear
To God and angels high,
All glorious appear,
To mortals far and nigh;—
Must she sit still,
Thus humbly wait,
Till God fulfil
Each promise great?

The Lord her God requires
(Unto His honor due)
Far more than bare desires,
Effort and labor, too;—
If she would shine
Bright as the sun,
Her race divine
She here must run.

Her members all must pray,
While they their weakness feel,

For clearer, brighter day,
With faith and holy zeal;—
Without such prayer,
Her works would prove
As light as air,
Though full of love.

Each member, to secure
This great, this glorious end,
No matter how obscure,
His influence must lend;—
Each has the power,
While here below,
In darkest hour
Some light to show.

And if the Church would rise,
Each member must be found,
With joyful heart and eyes,
Within the teacher's sound;—
At altars low
The Church to meet,
Renew the vow,
And smiles entreat.

When Christians fondly crowd
The gates where incense rolls,
To sing and pray aloud,
With humble, grateful souls,

The world looks on,
Their movements see,
Their deserts own,
To Jesus flee.

Delightful to behold
The Church thus rise on earth,
The young, as well as old,
Displaying Christian worth ;—
Thus may she soar,
Again, again,
Till sin no more
On earth shall reign.

And so the cultivated field
Its teeming treasures e'er shall yield,
And constant labor prove a shield
'Gainst chilling want.

While Idleness, in sullen mood,
O'er its ten thousand ills shall brood,
Too well, alas! here understood
By fallen man.

Ambition, too, in tow'ring pride,
Shall seek expansion, far and wide,
And, disappointed, oft shall hide
Its blushing head.

So often here, on life's broad stream,
Shall pleasure prove an idle dream,
And man too late strive to redeem
Its wasted hours.

Vice, in varied garbs impure,
From peace shall mortals oft allure,
And make, alas! destruction sure
For evermore.

While Virtue, as in years long past,
Its smiles shall o'er our pathway cast,
And prove, indeed, while thus they last,
A rich reward.

Nations around shall rise and fall—
Slavery by its chains appal,
While freedom on the world shall call,
 Its joys to share.

Obedient to the Saviour's will,
Religion shall its trust fulfil,
And never, never here be still
 Till all shall bow

Before the Lord Jehovah High,
O'er all their sins profoundly sigh,
While to His cross in faith they fly,
 Their only hope.

But, ere long, ere that hour shall come,
In all its pleasing moral bloom,
We and ours within the tomb
 Shall lowly lie.

WE PRAY.

WE pray for distant foreign powers,
 For nations far away ;
 For those o'er whom deep darkness low'rs,
 In terror and dismay ;—
 Where idols, or the man of sin,
 Or slavery, ^{sad /} victims win.

We pray that these may soon arise
 From degradation low,
 May shine among the great and wise,
 Who their Redeemer know—
 Trample their idols in the dust,
 Their chains, and all that is unjust.

We pray for our distinguished land,
 To us for ever dear—
 Led on to freedom by Thy hand,
 Which despots well may fear ;
 O may this freedom—to the last—
 The hopes of falling despots blast !

We pray for those who office hold,
Who o'er their fellows reign—
May they be faithful, honest, bold,
All righteous laws maintain ;—
A praise to them who fear Thy Name,
A terror to the sons of shame.

We pray for classes all around,
The people, low and high ;
True patriots may they e'er be found,
All daring foes defy ;—
Defy because their deeds are just,
While in the God of Heaven they trust.

We pray that all on Zion's hill
Who publish truth and peace,
Their arduous duties may fulfil,
Nor seek till death release ;—
These are Thy noble servants, Lord,
To them Thy grace and strength afford.

We pray for him whom Thou hast set
Our teacher and our guide ;
His interests may we ne'er forget,
His message ne'er deride ;—
For us he gives each toil and prayer—
Shall we not then his burdens bear?

We pray for those within the bond,
A special tie, indeed—
Of love, affection, tender, fond,
For these, O Lord, we plead;—
And for ourselves our fervent breath
To Thee shall rise till lost in death.

THE CHANGEABLENESS OF THE CREATURE AND
THE IMMUTABILITY OF GOD.

ALAS! what changes do we see,
Where'er we turn the eye,
Kingdoms in all their glory flee,
And man but lives to die;
The sun, in all its splendid light,
Will soon be quenched in endless night,
With all the planets high;—
The heavens, the earth, all, all decay,
All like a garment pass away.

Not so with Him from whom man came,
With his immortal soul,
He, He will e'er remain the same,
As endless ages roll;
A thought that must the heart elate,
Of all who humbly on Him wait,
Beneath His wide control,
And startle every bitter foe
With tears of everlasting woe.

His great, His vast, almighty power
 Will e'er the same be found,
 As that which formed within an hour,
 The countless worlds around;
 And which, in condescension wise,
 Here bade man's creeping dust arise
 From the cold, silent ground;—
 That power, throughout eternal range
 Can truly never, never change.

So with His knowledge, which pervades
 The whole creation vast,
 Though earthly grandeur all soon fades,
 This, this shall ever last;
 The night and day to Him are one,
 All darkness as the brilliant sun,
 The future and the past;—
 All, all are open to His view,
 Our actions and our feelings, too.

As with His knowledge so with love,
 As heaven will ever own,
 Eternally that love shall prove
 The glory of His throne.
 His other traits we may admire,
 In all their pure celestial fire,
 But this, and this alone,
 Shall be enough from saints to raise
 Anthems of everlasting praise.

'Mid daily, hourly changes here,
 Shall we to earth still cling?—
 Shall that to us be only dear,
 Which can no solace bring
 Unto the sad, desponding breast,
 When we, from all we here love best,
 Shall haste on rapid wing,
 To other scenes beyond the tomb,
 To meet our everlasting doom?

I want a rock on which to stand,
 Which shall all tempests brave;
 I want a friend divine at hand,
 From sin and guilt to save—
 Diffusing through my bosom peace,
 In all its fulness to increase
 Beyond the silent grave,
 And bid at last my sleeping dust
 Ascend, to mingle with the just.

My Jesus, such a friend art Thou,
 A friend, a friend indeed,
 To whom with all my soul I bow,
 While for Thy smiles I plead;—
 Immutable in truth and grace,
 On Thee my fondest hopes I place,
 As earthly hopes recede;—
 O! how delightful such a friend,
 Whose faithfulness can never end.

THE EXCLUSION OF THE BIBLE FROM OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

WHY should the light be e'er concealed,
Of God's eternal, sacred truth,
Which He, in sunbeams, hath revealed
To age, to manhood, and to youth?
Or why should civil powers be still?
Why not, by purest laws, maintain
Jehovah's wise and sov'reign will,
That it may have far wider reign?
Let the sad eye a moment glance
At all the scenes of human blood,
Which once ran down the streets of France,
Through those who fain denied a God—
Who cast His sacred truths aside,
Nay, trampled them beneath their feet,
And, in their atheistic pride,
With smiles could human tortures greet.
Such are the sad results, indeed;
Of hiding truth from our own race—

The sacred truths for which we plead,
The truths of wisdom and of grace,
Which in our schools should e'er be taught
In Christian, not sectarian, zeal,
That children may thereby be brought
Their preciousness and power to feel.

'Mid partial truth, here Luther mourned
O'er sin, in hopeless, sad dismay;
Till, through God's Word complete he learned
To heaven the true and only way.
Then dawned the Reformation here,
A Reformation truly grand,
With all its glorious light and cheer,
Upon a dark, priest-ridden land;
A precious Bible, full, entire,
Is found, which Luther reads with joy,
Replete with truths of heavenly fire,
Which all his hopes by works destroy.
It shows how sinners can be saved,
How nations can to glory rise,
And though a world must all be braved,
For its wide spread his bosom sighs;—
This, this is now his leading goal,
A blessed and a glorious end,
To which the breathings of his soul,
Yea, all his powers, he fain would bend.

Although the Church upon him frowned,
 With many a high, illustrious throne,
 Success at last his efforts crowned,
 A triumph which in joy we own.

For freedom Luther bravely fought,
 Freedom in church as well as state,
 A blessing which he nobly sought,
 With all his powers exceeding great.
 His doctrines flew with lightning speed,
 Flashing through nations near and far,
 Till thousands, millions by them led,
 Renounce all hopes but Bethlehem's star;—
 Nor civil bondage could they bear,
 Preferring to it e'en the grave,
 Ne'er ceasing in reproof and prayer,
 Till freedom's banners o'er them wave.
 Such was the spirit truth inspired
 In Luther's anxious, swelling breast,
 A hero ages have admired,
 And will, as ages shall attest:
 Such, too, the spirit long here breathed
 By other souls, 'mid darkest night,
 Which laurels round their brows have wreathed,
 All through the rays of Gospel light.
 And is there one who would shut out
 The lustre of that light below,

In mind so dark, in sin so stout,
As not to see it faintly glow?

Without that light our fathers fond
Had never dreamed of freedom here,
Still here had groaned, 'neath slavery's bond,
With prospects truly dark and drear;
But by the truth of heaven inflamed,
To tyrants they could ne'er submit,
Who in their edicts bold proclaimed
That we in chains should ever sit.
We sat beneath despotic rod,
Till patience from our bosom flew,
Then made our laws, and worshipped God
In freedom's light, as all should do.
Yet, shut that light from our own schools,—
Who, who the thought can entertain?—
That volume, whose inspired rules
We wish o'er all the world to reign.
Then cast it forth from fire-side,
From social, praying circles all;
Yea, from our churches, far and wide,
And let gross darkness on us fall;—
This surely is the seeming aim
Of those who thus God's Word assail;
But such will hide their heads in shame,
For light and freedom must prevail.

THE CHURCH: HER TRUE PROSPERITY.

“O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity.”

Psalm cxviii. 25.

E'ER in the humble, ardent prayer
Of David let my bosom share,
Invoking from the Lord most high,
For all His Church, prosperity;—
But when on earth is she thus seen—
When are her fields all fresh, all green—
When do they flourish, or when shine
In all their loveliness divine?

In numbers Churches oft increase,
Yet still are far from truth and peace.
When Jesus, of celestial worth,
Arose in triumph from the earth,
The Jewish Church (by law maintained)
O'er thousands in her errors reigned;
While His disciples, with hearts new,
Were low, degraded, and but few;
And yet the former were not blessed,
But overthrown as facts attest;—

While, lo! the latter fondly rise
To bless the earth, adorn the skies.
So even to the present day
Do swelling crowds all pass away,
Without a blessing from God's throne,
Or proof that they were e'er His own;—
While few, and those of no account,
The greatest trials all surmount,
And, by their faith and holy ways,
A monument eternal raise
Unto their great Redeemer's praise.

Neither from wealth, whate'er it seem,
Do rays of love celestial beam;
A fact, indeed, we clearly learn,
As o'er the Church our eyes we turn.
Behold the Laodiceans proud,
Attesting to this truth aloud,
So rich were they, so rich indeed,
That nothing here they think they need;
And yet they knew not (sad such mind)
That they were wretched, poor and blind.
The Church exhibits here her power,
Always amid her darkest hour;
'Tis in the gloom of deepest night,
That she emits her purest light—
When riches fly, when foes surround,
Then do her sweetest joys abound.

Although the carnal eye they please,
Yea, prove conducive to our ease,
Yet temples grand no proof afford
That incense there delights the Lord.
As we may read, in ancient time,
The worship which was true, sublime,
Ascended not 'mid pomp and show,
But e'en from dens and caves below—
Not the exterior, but the heart
Can to the altar worth impart.

Nor even union does it grant,
The evidence the Church here want
That God is there to bless and guide
Their footsteps through this desert wide.
Though union we may all admire,
And even seek its sweet attire,
Yet in the Church it must prove vain,
Unless that basis it shall gain,
Which spirits pure for e'er approve—
God's everlasting truth and love.

The Church is truly prosperous here,
When often falls the burning tear
O'er sad corruption deep within,
And o'er the reign of outward sin—
When those within her bosom strive,
Like heirs of glory, here to live.

And when, in answer to her prayers,
The power of saving truth she shares—
When all make this their leading end,
Her grace and glory to extend—
If such a state shall be her joy,
The means, the means she must employ,
With all the fervor of her soul,
E'er yielding to divine control,
Relying not on feeble dust,
But making God alone her trust.
If thus she walk, and thus rely,
Soon, soon the clouds of night shall fly,
And she to all the world proclaim
The glory of her Saviour's Name.

THE RICHES AND POVERTY OF OUR SAVIOUR.

OFT we are told on sacred leaf,
 That Christ, though rich, became here poor,
 That thus, through poverty and grief,
 He might our endless wealth secure.
 If rich, where were His riches shown,
 But round His everlasting throne?

Rich in creation's work was He—
 The earth, the planets, and the sun;
 The swelling ocean, rolling sea,
 All with their limits where to run—
 In man, immortal man on earth,
 And angels of superior worth.

Rich in the songs of love and praise,
 Which angels and archangels, too,
 In all their bliss were wont to raise
 To Him, to whom they all were due;—
 Of all their joys the flowing spring,
 Their Lord Almighty and their King.

Far richer in the fervent love

Which glowed within the Father's breast,
Though silent were all songs above,

In this He could for ever rest ;—
He wanted not created breath,
Or golden harps, to swell His wealth.

Thus rich He might have e'er remained,

With God the Father by His side ;
But in His bosom pity reigned,

Tender, affectionate, and kind,
For sinners, once as free as air,
Now doomed eternal chains to wear.

Mortals, proud mortals, here, alas !

Of whom, indeed, we often read,
From wealth and splendor sadly pass,
To scenes of poverty and need ;—
But changes such are not their choice,
Nor here can aught but grace rejoice.

Others, again, would freely give

Their treasures, or, perhaps, their life,
That some choice friend might longer live,

A child, a husband, or a wife ;—
But who, for foes in all their ire,
Would suffer want, or pain expire ?

Yet Jesus rich, here poor became—
 Came to our earth in all its woes ;
 Assumed the place, the guilt, the shame,
 Not of His friends, but of His foes ;—
 Though rich, their sacrifice He stood,
 Yes, shed for them His dying blood.

Jesus for foes His life thus gave,
 A prey to their malignant power—
 For foes descended to the grave,
 His resting-place, until that hour
 When He to glory should ascend,
 Their Intercessor and their Friend.

Jesus, Thy mourning days are past,
 Thy days of sorrow and of pain ;
 While endless ages fondly last,
 Poor Thou shalt never be' again ;—
 And those who are enriched by Thee,
 Thy glory shall for ever see.

SAVING REPENTANCE.

To mourn over sin will never suffice,
If only through fear of the rod,
The tears which profusely moisten our eyes,
Must flow from attachment to God.

Take, for example, a child of hard heart,
Whom nothing but terror can move;
When punished, he grieves while under the smart,
But never from filial love.

But children of heart, affectionate, fond,
When parents they here disobey,
Of pardon and peace will ever despond,
Till the source of their grief they display.

They mourn not alone, because here awhile
They punishment just must abide,
But chiefly because they forfeit the smile
Of parents, their comfort and pride.

So with the sinner, he mourns in the dust,
Because he has dared to offend
His Father above, the Holy and Just,
His God, his Redeemer and Friend.

He mourns in the dust, as thousands have done,
When powers of earth could not save
Their treasure on earth, a child, a first-born,
From the coldness of death and the grave.

But grief e'en like this, however severe,
Unless to reform it shall lead,
Will never the soul to Jesus endear,
As oft in His Scriptures we read.

On me shall ye look, yea, even on me,
Whom oft ye have pierced, saith the Lord,
And when your transgressions, your sins ye shall see,
These, these you will say were the sword.

Unless when we mourn we Jesus behold,
Who deigned for proud sinners to die,
In faith and in love, He will not unfold
To our vision His glories on high.

TO THE IMPENITENT.

WITH dearest friends you soon must part,
 Dear as thy soul ;
Then who will stay thy sinking heart,
 Or mind control ?
Where consolation wilt thou gain?—
The world may strive, but strive in vain,
To ease the anguish of thy pain,
 And give thee peace.

Or if thy riches here take wing,
 And leave thee poor,
What, then, can true submission bring,
 Or peace insure ?
Ah ! sad the scene—hard to obey,
The hand that gives, and takes away ;
Amid thy pressing wants, oh, say,
 What is the world ?

Or when thy foes in hate combine
 Thee to defame,

DEATH WELCOME TO THE CHRISTIAN.

WHAT, not afraid to die,
To leave fond home and friends,
To distant regions fly,
Where being never ends?
What, not afraid thy God to meet,
To bow before His judgment seat?

No; thither let me haste,
For ever there remain,
This earth is but a waste,
Where sin and sorrow reign;—
There God, amid His boundless love,
My everlasting friend will prove.

Who, who, alas! would stay
Amid these scenes of gloom,
Nor long for brighter day,
Where joys celestial bloom?—
Who would not leave their tears, their sighs,
And to eternal glory rise?

There choicest spirits soar,
Dear, dear unto my soul,
To say farewell no more,
While endless ages roll ;—
With those I love there let me dwell,
And tune my notes their songs to swell.

There sits upon His throne,
'Mid triumphs of His grace,
The blessed Three in One,
I long to see His face ;—
To see that face upon me shine,
In all its radiance divine.

Though millions sadly fear
To lie beneath the sod,
The grave to me is dear,
As leading to my God ;—
With Him for ever I would be,
O thither, thither let me flee.

AGUR'S PRAYER.

“ Give me neither poverty nor riches ; feed me with food convenient for me ; lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord ? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.—Prov. xxx. 8, 9.

STRANGE that the streams of wealth which rise,
 Enriching men below,
 Should make them in their hearts despise
 The source whence they here flow ;—
 Shall riches to transgressors given,
 Make them despise the wealth of heaven ?

So has it been, so is it still,
 Yea, will be evermore,
 Till saving grace their hearts shall fill,
 From its exhaustless store ;—
 Then shall the passing wealth of time
 But lead to riches more sublime.

Look at the dying world around,
 And is this not the case—
 The more in riches men abound,
 The less they value grace ?

Contented with their purple here,
No brighter robes they seek to wear.

Nor in his prayer does Agur pant
For the reverse of gain—
For poverty, with all the want
That follows in its train;—
This want, while passing in review,
He sees in all its colors true.

Most, most of all this want he fears,
Lest he, in its extreme,
That holy Name, which heaven reveres,
Be tempted to blaspheme;—
To take the Name of God in vain
Would fill his soul with torturing pain.

Or, while its presence he should feel,
While 'neath its dire control,
From others he should meanly steal,
Debasing thus his soul,
In eyes of men and spirits pure—
Which thought his soul could not endure.

These are the evils in his view,
To which these states oft lead,
Hence to his God and interests true,
Against them he would plead;—

A child of faith, he looks above,
For God's protecting care and love.

That God would food and raiment give—
Give what might needful be,
That he in competence might live
From strong temptations free.
Such are the humble prayers of one,
Before his Father's gracious throne.

Did mortals frail but pray for this,
To such desires give birth,
Far greater here would be their bliss,
As well as moral worth ;—
With such an humble, fond desire,
The tempter, foiled, would soon retire.

But men, alas ! too often aim
At wealth and its increase,
Without regard unto the Name
Of God, or their own peace ;—
In sunshine here awhile to bask,
At mammon's throne, is all they ask.

So do they often mourn, alas !
Complain from hour to hour,
Unhappy through their duties pass,
While clouds around them lower.

When will these clouds, we hear them say,
In all their terrors, pass away?

Although the same arise from love,
From love which cannot end,
And blessings in disguise shall prove,
When they to heaven ascend,
As they have proved to millions there,
Who had on earth of woes their share.

From Agur's prayer let mortals learn
Contentment with their lot,
Although the rich in pride may spurn
Their humble, lowly cot;—
While in despair these rich oft die,
Such cots may lead to thrones on high.

THE PASSING YEAR.

THE changes of the year gone by
All loudly for improvement cry,
Its blessings call for songs of love—
Its trials to submission move.

The blessings we can ne'er recount,
In numbers they the stars surmount;
Or like the sands upon the shore,
In vain we strive to con them o'er;
Or like the drops of the vast sea,
They from our calculation flee,
Like rays diverging from the sun,
They o'er our devious pathway run,
Like constellations in the skies
They to our pleasing vision rise;
Or like the streams from fountain pure,
Our souls refresh while they allure.
Whether they be the joys of earth,
Or those of higher, richer worth,
Which in their grandeur shall increase,
When time and all its changes cease;

Or whether they may here relate
To public or to private fate ;
Or whether to ourselves alone,
Or kindred friends,—that hand we own.

Fair commerce, with her spirit bold,
Is spreading o'er our streets her gold—
She comes from foreign distant shores,
And round us all her treasure pours ;
The farmer, too, who tills our soil,
Is well repaid for all his toil,
As each succeeding harvest shows,
'Mid tropic sun or northern snows ;
While the mechanic, by his gains,
Distinction often here attains.

So science and the arts advance,
As we perceive at single glance ;
To all their temples opening wide,
Our country's treasure and her pride.

Religion, as in by-gone days,
Its beauty and its power displays—
Continues o'er the world to spread,
And smiles upon the slumbering dead ;—
As heathen blind, its secrets learn,
To Jesus they from idols turn ;
And on his throne Mahomet shakes,
As to her light the world awakes,

As of rich mercies fain we sing,
Our sorrows, too, their lessons bring,
The pestilence, in sad array,
Our kindred may have borne away,
Unto that silent solemn bourn,
From which, alas! none, none return;
Or riches, lo! our fond delight,
On rapid wing have taken flight;
Or health, in all its pleasing grace,
No longer mantles on the face;
Or else perhaps our precious name,
The sland'rer struggles to defame.
Thus, thus, alas! our gourd, once fair,
Now prostrate lies, all leafless, bare.
Say, wherefore do these trials come,
In all their darkness and their gloom?
To prove that earth, whate'er it seem,
In all its glory is a dream;
That while its treasures blend with dust,
The Lord alone should be our trust.

As to us all the past has been,
So, so will prove each future scene;
As onward here we pilgrims go,
Before us e'er are joys and woe,
And happy they, most truly blest,
Who find at last eternal rest.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY SON-IN-LAW, JOHN J.
ACKERMAN,

Who died at his residence in Bergen, New Jersey, on the 13th of April, 1859, aged 30 years. His funeral, on the 16th, was attended by a large number of friends and acquaintances, on which occasion, an appropriate and admirable discourse was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Taylor, his former pastor.

WHEN age infirm departs,
 Though friends around may mourn,
 With fond and tender hearts,
 To nature, lo! they turn,
 And calmly say,
 Amid their sighs,
 This is her way—
 At last all dies.

Far other are our views,
 When youth returns to dust;
 Then she no more pursues
 Her firm, her wonted trust

In early spring,
 Instead of bloom,
 And birds which sing,
 All, all is gloom.

Thy earthly hopes were bright,
 Delightful every scene,
 Till shadows of the night
 Around thee intervene,
 And leave thee here,
 To bid adieu
 To friends most dear,
 Friends warm and true.

But brighter hopes were thine,
 Thy footsteps to allure,
 Of pleasures pure, divine,
 For ever to endure,—
 Of joys in heaven
 Earth could not bear,
 And only given
 To faith and prayer.

Thy virtues brightly shone,
 Where'er thy footsteps moved,
 To all thy friends well known,
 And which their smiles approved;

But from thy grave
 These could not roll
 A cloud, or save
 Thy precious soul.

Jesus, thy trust and Friend,
 In mercy and in power,
 Was o'er thee seen to bend
 In thy last trying hour;—
 Amid thy throes
 Imparting joy,
 Which all His foes
 Could not destroy.

Now bitter tears on earth
 Thy lonely widow sheds,
 For thee in all thy worth,
 Whom late she fondly weds;—
 But ere three years
 Their course have run,
 Lo! death appears
 To mar her sun.

So parents sob, alas!
 As they thy tomb survey,
 And will till they shall pass
 To scenes beyond decay;—

And sisters weep,
Yea, kindred all,
To see thee sleep
Beyond recall.

Farewell, a long farewell,
Till we again shall meet,
Our rapturous songs to swell
Around the mercy seat;—
There to count o'er
Trials below,
And God adore,
E'en for our woe.

THE END.

27 Nov, 1859.

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